THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A.O.H. GOSSIP.

The Irish National Holiday More Universally Celebrated Than Ever Before in Chicago and Elsewhere.

Marshal Mulcahy as an Organizer—Thanks Returned to Other Divisions by Div. 20, A.O.H.

The very large increase of A.O.H. celebrations on the Saint's day speaks well for the revival of interest in the ranks of the Order in all sections. It is many years since there were such elaborate manifestations of patriotic zeal in the state of Illinois outside of Chicago. Every town in which was located a division of our Order had either ball or entertainment to honor the Seventeenth of March. The signs are healthy indications that the work of the past year has had its effect. It behooves us to avail ourselves of the opportunity and sow the good seed in the newly tilled soil. I have by my side while writing the reports of demonstrations of 1894, and am happy to report an immense increase and marvellous revival of the dormant spirit of Irish patriotism among the citizens of the smaller towns of the State. The year promises much. The officers to be elected in Danville have an arduous task to perform, but the outlook is more encouraging than two years ago. Hibernianism is in the ascendant, and with proper support will reach the position so well earned by the splendid efforts and marked advance of the last two years. Cook county, its officers and members, deserve the best thanks of the Order for the energy and zeal which distinguished them, and I congratulate them on the deserved success so well earned and so gratifying to all interested in our progress.

Grand Marshal Martin Mulcahy has good reason to feel proud of his excellent work as an organizer, so ably demonstrated in the successful parade of the 17th inst. It is no light task to visit all the organizations and induce them to use their best effort towards making a parade worthy of the day. Strange to say, every undertaking of any kind requires constant missionary work among our people. The moment you cease agitation, or the moment you believe habit will be sufficient to induce them to make a success of an enterprise, that moment you are doomed to overconfident disappointment. Brother Mulcahy must have worked like a beaver from the day of the convention till the 17th of March to have succeeded so well. Much, of course, was due to the Grand Marshal's popularity. I do not know today among the many who are in the Irish Nationalist circles in our city anyone who is so universally esteemed by all classes of our people. Single minded in his devotion to the old cause, kindly and generous in his treatment of those he is associated with, the brother has earned the good opinion of all. The societies were wise in their choice of Grand Marshal.

Echoes of the day have reached my ear which caused surprise and chagrin, but anxiety to forget compels me to refrain from comment. Petty ideas as to precedence and position should not have place or prominence on so important an occasion. Next year provision should be made against the recurrence of an incident which may mar the harmony so essential when before the eyes of the public.

Brooklyn was the scene of a most unusual spectacle on St. Patrick's Day, when for the first time in many years the so-called Board of Erin divisions marched with our Society in joint parade. Over five thousand were in line, including the Emmet Guards and Hibernian Rifles. It will be pleasant news to all to know that the bars are fast failing and brothers are reunited in heart if not in word. God grant the day will soon come when there will be but one Order, one Flag and one Cause.

New York undoubtedly had the largest parade, numerically speaking. Over ten thousand men answered the grand marshal's call. Strange to say, the street cleaning department of the city had the parade route swept clean although the heaviest snow of the season had fallen the day before. How amazed Chicago Hibernians would be if the city authorities of the Garden City thought of doing such a kindness to oblige its Irish-American citizens. The Sixty-Ninth Regiment attended mass at the Cathedral in the morning, nearly 1,000 strong, and the First Regiment of Irish Volunteers, numbering 700 members, had a big military celebration in grand Central Palace, where the Irish ladies of New York presented them with a stand of colors.

New Hampshire Hibernians are not behind any of their neighbors. In every county they celebrated with a vim and dash worthy of good and true men. Strafford county men assembled in Dover and had a parade, which excelled anything seen for twenty years past. The New Hampshire brothers are giving particular attention to the Ladies Auxiliaries. They are wise in their generation, and cannot secure abler help.

The brothers of Danville are making elaborate preparations for the approaching State Convention. We may be confident Brother Alex. Moore will discharge the duties of host with that charm of Irish hospitality which has already made him famous among visiting Hibernians. It is hoped no division will fail to send its representative to enjoy the good things in store for the delegates.

I have been asked to insert the following expression of thanks to Divisions 17 and 4, on the part of Division 20:

"To the brothers of Div. 17, as also to those brothers of Div. 4 who so kindly assisted to swell their ranks, the members of Div. 20 desire to extend their heartfelt thanks for the very great kindness shown by them on St. Patrick's Day, when they so promptly joined Div. 20 in the securing of a band for the day, and also in accompanying the latter to solemn high mass at All Saints' church at 9 a.m. May Div. 20 soon have the pleasure of reciprocating the favor so willingly shown by the members of both these divisions.

"To the able choir, special for the occasion, they are deeply grateful; and division takes this means of extending to Rev. John C. Gillan its most profound thanks for the unusually splendid reception extended to the Hibernians on St. Patrick's Day, at All Saints' church. The celebrant of the mass was the Rev. Father Dorney, with Fathers Gillan and Whalen as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. A most eloquent sermon, appropriate to the occasion, was well delivered by Father T. J. Whalen. Rev. John C. Gillan, pastor of All Saints' church, concluded by assuring the A.O.H., through its representatives present, of the continued good will of the clergy of his parish, and of his heartfelt desire to see on next St. Patrick's Day not only the front pews of the two centre rows filled, but all the pews of both rows back to the entrance. The concluding ceremony was the blessing by the pastor of the two new flags of Div. 20."

How is that for No. 20? ED.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

If any argument were necessary to prove the value and merits of such a grand organization as The Irish-American Lyceum it would be difficult to find a more conclusive and convincing one than the wonderful increase in numbers of those who attend meetings. Each successive meeting brings its galaxy of bright and intelligent "children of the Gael," who are not slow to show their appreciation of the good work that the Lyceum is doing, and consequently the roll of membership is increasing at a rapid rate. The programme rendered at recent meetings suggests the idea that the indefatigable secretary, Mr. T. J. Sherlock, is admirably succeeding in his efforts to make each meeting more successful and interesting than the preceding one, and reflects much credit on him as well as on those who participated in it.

At the meeting of the Lyceum on Friday evening, March 20, Miss Loretto Crowe, a young and promising musician, gave a piano solo that was charming in the extreme. She readily convinced the audience that she is the possessor of considerable talent, and it is needless to refer to the long and hearty applause accorded her. Mr. A. Sweeney gave a recitation, "Asleep at the Switch," which was admirably rendered, and was fully up to the expectations of those present. As a response to an encore he gave "Sheridan's Ride." Another old friend of the Lyceum, Miss Mary Carraher, again and again received the very expressive admiration of her friends on giving a piano solo. As a fitting climax to such a display of talent, Miss Hannah McCarthy was reserved for the last to sing. Miss McCarthy is the possessor of a voice of exceptional power and sweetness, and her singing of "Cast Aside" was an evening's entertainment in itself, and, of course, an encore was unavoidable.

The second portion of the programme was a debate on the timely question: "Is War Inconsistent With Christianity?" The President, Mr. William Dillon, opened the debate on the affirmative side, and in an address that was concise, brief and thoroughly representative of the practical man-of-law, Mr. Dillon proceeded to demonstrate that war was inconsistent with Christianity. After him another bright and rising member of the legal fraternity took up the argument in favor of the negative side, and brought with him a line of evidence extending from the fall of Lucifer from his celestial station to the the day when the immortal Washington achieved independence for this glorious republic. Messrs. George F. Mulligan, P. B. Flanagan and Laurence Henely also participated in the debate, after which the chairman took a vote of those present with the result that "War Is Not Inconsistent With Christianity."

Meetings of the Lyceum are held on the third Friday of each month in Unity Hall, No. 77 Thirty-first street. Full information, with free tickets of admission, can be had on application to T. J. Sherlock, Secretary, No. 194 Dearborn avenue, by those wishing to join.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Sarsfield Club, held at McCormick's Hall Sunday, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John Cooney; vice-president, J. Fitzgerald; recording secretary, M. O'Hara; financial secretary, J. Cahill; treasurer, J. Hayes. Captain of hurling team, E. A. Cahill; vice-captain, P. Doran. Captain of football team, Walter Powers; vice-captain, Patrick Nugent. Custodian, Timothy Cronin. Delegates to Central Council, E. A. Cahill, M. O'Hara, Richard Cronin, J. F. Larkin. The meeting adjourned after some very pertinent remarks by Timothy Cronin on the good and welfare of the club.

Pure Blood is the safeguard of health. Keep your blood pure, rich and full of vitality by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will not need to fear the attacks of disease.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness. 25c.

A SPLENDID SPEECH.

Beautiful Utterance of Mr. Richard D. Walsh at the St. Patrick's Day Banquet Held in the Athletic Club Rooms.

His Words Recall the Past Glories of Ireland and Speak Hope for Her Future.

Mr. R. D. Walsh, in responding to the toast "Ireland a Nation," spoke in part as follows:

In speaking to the toast with which my name is associated I desire to express my appreciation of the honor which has been conferred on me, as well as my inability to adequately respond to the sentiment "Ireland a Nation." I do not think, however, that in an audience like this, it requires any special qualifications on my part, to insure for this toast a hearty reception at your hands, because the idea which it conveys is the immortal principle of human freedom, and this is freedom's hallowed home.

In every age and in every clime the struggle of liberty against oppression has been going on. Greece has immortalized the pass of Thermopylæ and the plain of Marathon by heroic defense against the Persian invaders. Switzerland successfully resisted every attack made on that mountain land by the armies of Austria. Belgium, in the eloquent words of Meagher, "drove the Dutch marauders out of its fine old towns, scourged them back to their own plegmatic swamps, and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt." The fathers of the American Republic, smarting under the injustice of English rule, drew the sword, and guided by the declaration that all men are created free and equal and possessed with the same inalienable rights to liberty, have left us the magnificent heritage of Lexington and Bunker Hill, of Valley Forge and Yorktown. And so it has been that in these various struggles of the oppressed against the oppressor, new nations have arisen to light the pathway of the future and to encourage the example other enslaved nationalities to go and do likewise.

Ireland a Nation! Before William the Conqueror planted his victorious standard on the field of Hastings, before Alfred, best of the Saxon kings, had crossed the sea to study in the halls and cloisters of Lismore, aye, before Julius Cæsar had vanquished the savage hordes of Britain, Ireland was a nation. But in a thrice-accursed hour in the reign of the second Henry a band of Anglo-Norman robbers under the leadership of Strongbow landed on Irish soil, and from that time to the present a constant struggle has been going on, in one form or another, between the Irish nation on the one hand and the forces of the English crown on the other. Ireland maintained its right to independent nationhood on many a well-fought field through each successive Plantagent and Tudor reign until finally, after the battle of Kinsale, Mountjoy, Elizabeth's lord deputy, assured that amiable princess that now her foe was conquered, and that there was nothing left in the island but "carcasses and ashes." But in fifty years we beheld Cromwell and his horrible massacres, and shortly after the Prince of Orange, with his bloody Brunswickers, until at the siege of Limerick the Irish army capitulated honorably, relying on a treaty guaranteeing civil and religious liberty to the Irish people. You know how that treaty was kept, and how the most infamous religious persecution of modern times followed.

Once again, in 1782, 80,000 volunteer soldiers proclaimed Ireland's right to autonomy. For eighteen years she was almost absolutely independent, but a corrupt and non-representative parliament, made corrupt by the lavish use of English gold in the hands of an infamous English minister, cut-throat Castlereagh, deprived Ireland of the right to make her own laws. Then followed the insurrection of '98, with its judicial murders and hangings, and the death of the gallant Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the noble-minded Wolfe Tone. But the flame of nationality was kindled anew by the martyrdom of Robert Emmet, and his blood sanctifying the soil of his country will keep it hallowed in the future years, until the cause for which he died shall have finally triumphed. The logical deduction from an impartial study of Irish history is that Ireland is unconquerable. She has withstood the ravages of the troopers of Elizabeth and of Cromwell, the cowardice and treachery of the Stuarts and the malignant persecutions of the Penal laws. Every law that human ingenuity could frame to debase and destroy her has been used in vain, every military expedient has been futile, because her struggle for nationality is founded on the imperishable principles of justice, and justice comes from God.

In the early days of Christianity the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. So also will the blood of the martyrs of Irish liberty be the seed which will, sooner or later, in the providence of God, fructify into a nation of freemen, mindful only of the glories of the past and, for the future, holding out the olive branch of peace to all mankind.

The sun never sets on the British empire. It is great and powerful. So was the empire founded by Alexander the Great. So were the Carthagenian and Roman empires. But the land over which Alexander ruled in all his pride is now in the hands of the Medes and Persians; the soldiers of France and of Spain rule over the dusky descendants of the heroic Hannibal, and of the once mighty Roman empire nothing remains but the monuments that crown its ancient capital, the broken column, the ruined arch, and the desecrated temple. History repeats itself.

Cuba, queen of the Antilles, has unsheathed the sword against her Spanish tyrants, and despite the hoary efforts of certain New England statesmen, will soon hoist the flag of a free republic on the fortresses of Havana. The heart of Ireland sympathizes with that of Cuba. It gives her hope and encouragement. In fancy she can hear the tread of a hundred thousand armed men, with Liberty their watchword and "Ireland a Nation" inscribed on their banners. The spirit that animated the gallant Hugh O'Neill has not yet departed from the hearts of the Irish race. No, Ireland is not dead. "Beauty's ensign yet is crimson on her lips and in her cheeks, and death's pale flag is not advanced there." Looking towards the future I can see her in imagination renewing her youth, the chains that have bound her for centuries rent asunder for ever, her bruised and bleeding form erect and beautiful as when the Milesians first saw her in their dreams and called her the Emerald of the Sea.

Ireland a Nation is the dearest political aspiration not only of those who live on the green isle, but of thousands of her expatriated sons scattered throughout the civilized world. Although our first duty is to the glorious star spangled flag, yet we will not be any the worse citizens of this splendid republic if we occasionally remember that we are the descendants of a race that has for over seven hundred years of storms and disaster refused to accept the yoke of a conqueror, but hopefully looks forward to the dawn of a brighter day. May we all live to see the day when this toast shall be more than a sentiment, when Irishmen the world over shall be proud of their grand old motherland, which instead of being a by-word and reproach among the nations, shall once more be the home of the arts and sciences of liberty and of law.

THE CITIZEN has great pleasure in publishing the foregoing beautiful utterance of one of the most gifted and modest of Irish-American orators.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

COLUMBIA.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

Fair Columbia! my own—
Without monarch or throne—
In liberty's realm.
Where no vassal or thrall
Defiles cottage or hall,
And liberty's guardians, freemen, hold the helm.

Once the city and town
Were coerced by the crown—
Oppression was rife when the king rul'd the land.
Home, hamlet and village
Were harrassed with pillage—
Columbia was ravaged from mountain to strand.

The world gazed in wonder
On rapine and plunder—
The flames of our dwellings the midnight illumed.
When King George and his horde
Gave the law with the sword—
Columbia lay bleeding—fair freedom seem'd doomed.

Then we marshall'd the free—
From the Isles of the sea—
To battle for freedom—to struggle for right.
Proud freemen stepped forth
From the South and the North
And Washington led them in liberty's fight!

Then the fierce conflict came—
With the battle's red flame—
And freedom's sons rallied by field and by flood.
Then the king in his ire
Gave our homes to the fire—
And imported base Hessians for plunder and blood.

Then the proud sons of France
With the sword and the lance
Came over as allies to succor and aid,
And in siege and in field
Forced the tyrant to yield,
Blending rays with our glory that never can fade.

When the fetter and yoke
Of the despot we broke
We drove slavery's minions across the blue wave,
And our banner unfurl'd
The high hope of the world—
The Ensign of Freedom! the flag of the brave!

Fair Columbia my home!
Though abroad I may roam
Through all other lands—the fair land of my birth—
Land of father and mother!—
Land of sister and brother!—
Is the freest, the fairest, the brightest of earth.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of Delaney & Murphy will be held at their offices, Nos. 10 and 12 Wabash avenue, Chicago, on Monday, April 6, 1896, at 4 p.m.

M. W. MURPHY, Secretary.

GAELIC AS IT WAS AND IS.

An Interesting Address Delivered by the Rev. J. J. Greene on St. Patrick's Night.

A Novel Entertainment for the Benefit of St. Charles' Church—All Those Taking Part Were Irish Priests.

The following address on "The Celtic Language as it Was and Is," was delivered by the Rev. J. J. Greene of Hartland, Ill., at the People's Institute, on St. Patrick's night, the occasion being an entertainment given in aid of St. Charles' church. All those taking part in the entertainment were Irish priests:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We are here this evening, true to the traditions of our ancestors, to honor the apostle of Ireland, to recall the past glories of a land whose traditions, like the teachings of Patrick, are the sacred inheritance we are to transmit to our children to be a lasting testimony of Celtic fidelity to the land of their fathers. A land endeared to us by the sacred ties of kindred and nationality; a land unfortunate but always faithful, around which the heart-strings of our affections are entwined, for "there are our fathers' bones at rest wherever we may lay our own." These fathers, warriors and saints, speak to us from the silent tomb to remind us of the glories of Ireland in the morning of her history, "ere sorrow her young days shaded." The dust of patriots and martyrs appeals to us from their lonely and forgotten graves, reminding us of Ireland's tragic struggle with the Saxon during the past seven hundred years of her history. We ourselves, the children of a persecuted race, carry with us in our wanderings bitter and fond recollections. These are to us what the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, was to our ancestors, a constant reminder of our origin and preservation. A tradition existed among them that wherever the Stone of Fate was preserved one of their princes would rule.

While admiring these simple relics of the manners and customs of our race, ancestors we can be more confident that the spirit of Irish nationality cannot perish when preserved in the affections of a devoted people. Under the spell of that nationality, the children of St. Patrick meet tonight in every clime to review the most telling events in their history, to praise their heroes from Cuchulin to Parnell, to listen to the soul-stirring and penetrating airs of Ireland's national music—those sweet and pathetic airs, the faint echoes of Ireland's ancient poetry and song, the spirits of Ireland's ancient language and literature, the last of their kindred come to us to reproach Irishmen who, faithful in all other respects to the interests of their country, seem to neglect and forget the one and only means necessary to preserve their identity as a people—their own national language and literature. They come to us to enter an indignant protest against the misrepresentation and calumnies to which the ancient language, manners, and customs of Ireland have been subjected by the lying historians and greedy adventurers of England.

Irishmen may be justly proud of the high degree of perfection the literature, arts and sciences attained among their ancestors. Even before Christianity they made the cultivation of letters a state institution. Their literature was the perfect expression of the social condition of the people. They had their fileas, or bards and poets, and fear-danas or philosophers. At Teamhar, or Tara, every third year assembled the feis or parliament in which all questions of state, were discussed and settled. Eight hundred years before Christ a law was passed by Ollamh Fodhla, the lawgiver making it imperative on all poets to submit their writings to a council of the nation to have them examined as to their correctness in facts and details. When they received the approval of the council they became the property of the nation and were copied into a book known even now as the Psalter of Tara. To understand the reason which led to such exactness, it must be remembered the poets were the historians of Ireland, and that on the correctness of their narrative depended the truthfulness of her history. This shows the literary attainments of the Irish: their scrupulous adherence to historical facts; their painstaking to keep a faithful record of the events which were to form the material of their history. Moreover, it proves the antiquity of their language (the Gaelic) in comparison with all the other languages which are now the medium of thought in Europe.

The Gaelic, the Sanscrit alone excepted, is the oldest of languages. It is a primitive language not depending on any other for its origin. Its singular characteristic is that it has no model. Another of its peculiarities is that of its alphabet, which is named after various trees. This is accounted for by the fact that the Druids—the learned men among the Gaels—dwelt in groves imparting their instruction in the open air. These peculiarities which are the striking features of the Gaelic, neither mar its beauty nor stint its power of expression. For ages it was the apt and graceful language of song and story. In it the poet's art was cultivated and cherished with the same devotion by the Christian bards as in Druidical days. It is the language of bards and chiefs, saints and sages; of music and song, hospitality and good cheer; of joy and sorrow, love and hatred; fancy and sentiment, pathos and emotion,—the picturesque and sublime of every emotion and shade of thought native to the restless, impressive and emotional Gael. Yet it may grate harshly on the ears of those who deem themselves adepts in the use and mastery of the English language, who do not know nor care to know that the Irish language was the language of an enlightened and prosperous people, happy on the soil of their own country, when in the gloomy forests of their northern homes the Anglo-Saxon ancestors of the English at their barbarous orgies used drinking-cups made from the skulls of their enemies. Even to be more pointed, would not many of us feel ill at ease in company of those who spoke the English of the age of Chaucer, the true starting point in English literature?

The language of which I will give you an example saw the conquest of the Britons by the Romans, of the Romans by the Saxons, of the Saxons by the Normans. It survives in the Highlands of Scotland, and is the language of the people in many parts of Ireland today. The question may be asked, Are there any works extant in the Irish language? It is true much of the literature of Ireland perished in the monasteries destroyed during the Danish invasions. It received little encouragement during the period following the Norman invasion and sustained severe losses during the spoliations, exterminations and confiscations of which Ireland was the victim from the eighth Henry to the last of the Georges. Yet despite the enactments of English kings and parliaments to effect its extinction, enough has survived in the monuments that exist to testify to the learning of Irish scholars and their efforts to save from utter ruin the literature of their country. We have such masterpieces as the Psalter of Tara, the Salter of Cashel, the Psalter of Armagh, Leabhar Droma Sneachta or the White Book, Leabhar na h-Uidhri, and the Book of Leinster. A history of Ireland in verse by Bishop O'Connell; the Ossianic poems translated by the Ossianic Society. These are touching pictures of Irish customs and manners. We have also the great Irish epic, Tain Bo Cuailgne, the Cattle-spoil of Cooley.

Besides these there are thousands of manuscripts in European monasteries where they were carried in penal days by Irish chiefs and scholars, where they rest with the sunshine of hope on their slumbers awaiting the scholar's touch. Irishmen should interest themselves to preserve the language of their forefathers. With the Irish language are linked the most stirring and glorious achievements of the Irish people. In that language Brian Boromha urged his warriors to victory at Clontarf, O'Neill at the Yellow Ford, O'Donnell at the Corabliabh Mountains. It was the language of the women who faced the army of Orange William in the breach of Limerick. It was the language of O'Brien at Fontenoy when he called to his gallant band to remember the broken treaty, "Buail sios an Sassenach!" "Strike down the Sassenach!"

Go d-ti seo, labhair me libh i m-Beurla, anois dearfaidh mo beagan focal 'san n-Gaedhilig fein, agus is mor an truaigh nach bh-fuil nios mo iona ta measg na muintire ta anuso anocht, a thuigteadh agus a cheapfadh chuca brigh agus suim na bh-focal so.

I g-cionn a dubhairt me i m-Beurla dearfaidh me aris i n-Gaedhilig gurab e mo lan dharamhail nach bh-fuil rud air bith is fearr aig ar g-cine do chur rompa iona iarracht lan-chroidheach le n-ar d-teanga a chongbhail beo. Ni'l eagla air bith ormsa nach d-tig linn a dheanamh ma ta se d'fhonn orrainn. Muna n-deanamaoid e ta an locht orrainn fein. Ba choir do gach Eireannach gach aon rud do dheanamh d'a d-tiocfadh leis ar son teanga a shinsir. Ma fhaghann se bas ta an locht orrainn fein, agus is mor an naire dhuinn e. Tamaoid ag deanamh an neith nar bh'fheidir leis an Sacsanach do dheanamh air feadh se chead bliadhain.

An bh-fuilmidne ag dul a bheith nios measa 'na eisean? Ata duil agam nach bh-fuil. Muna bh-fuil, ba choir dhuinn rud eigin do dheana...h sul a m-bi se mall. Ni'l se mail go foill, acht beidh se mall muna gnidhmid rud eigin go tapaidh. Ni'l leithsgeul ar bith againn. Cad dearfadh ar sinnsear mor-chroidheach iinn, an mhuintir d'fhulaing gach uile leathtrom agus aiucheart air son a d-tire, da bh-feicfeadh siad sinne anois ag caitheamh an t-ionmhus so, ar d-teanga dhuthchais, tharainn gan suim innti no smuaineadh ar a ualsleacht? Ta me cinnte go d-tabharfadh siad aithbhear gheur orrainn i d-taoibh ar bh-failligbe agus ar leimhe.

OBITUARY.

MR. MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The venerable Martin Clifford, father of Judge Clifford, of the Circuit court, died at his residence in this city on Friday of last week. He was an exemplary citizen, and his death, although not entirely unexpected, is widely lamented. Mr. Clifford was a native of Ireland, came to this city in 1849 from the city of Kilkenny. He resided constantly in Chicago up to the day of his death. His wife, two sons and two daughters survive him. The funeral occurred Monday morning from the family residence, No. 1729 Michigan boulevard, to St. John's Catholic church, Clark and 18th streets, thence to Calvary cemetery. Solemn requiem mass was sung. Services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Butler. The music was rendered by the choir of St. Michael's church. The pallbearers were Dr. E. V. Donald, A. Sherbower, Thomas Dowling, B. Mahon, T. J. Walsh and W. C. Walsh. The honorary pallbearers were Judge Moran, W. J. Onahan, Thomas Brenan and P. McHugh.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

CHAPTER V.

The exposure of Headen's plans may have been due to the long continued presence of our party at his house. If at the last moment we had obeyed his injunction "to bide at the rock house," we would have been spared the humiliation of another capture. Sly old Tom Hancock in some way got wind of the plot—for it was a plot, constructed on a perfect understanding of the movements and intentions of our guide—and the trap had been held open for hours awaiting Tom's arrival. The pickets had been posted in the snow about the house awaiting orders until after midnight, chafing their tingling ears and rubbing their stiffened fingers.

Headen and his wife had been captured early in the evening at the mill on the Cullowee road and were held prisoners at the house of Roderick Norton, the same whom irate Betsey so hungered and thirsted to "stomp through the turnpike." This place was only half a mile down the road, and our sorry crowd was soon picking its way over the snow in the same direction, flanked by two lines of mountaineers carrying their rifles at a shoulder and tramping silently under the bare trees. We were five officers and three citizens—when we reached the house, five and five, for in the first room we entered sat the Headens meekly behind gun barrels.

The citizens were kept below stairs, and the Yankees sent into the garret room above. A feather bed, hastily abandoned by its occupants, stood in the center of the room, and into it our party of three clambered without a moment's delay and were soon fast asleep.

We were awakened in the night by fearful outcries from the room below, which proved to come from Lieutenant Knapp, who had eaten some frozen chestnuts as he came down the mountain the night before. When we gathered at breakfast in the morning, he lay in a corner very quiet and only comfortable after his cramps, thanks to the women who had been up all night trying to assuage his agony.

Although thoroughly recovered, Knapp feigned illness so cleverly that he was left behind with two guards. These young gentlemen, having no suspicions of his game, went out to the spring to wash, leaving their guns in the house. As soon as they had disappeared Knapp sprang up and disabled their guns and ran away at his leisure across the garden.

We had an easy day's march before us, so our guards said the next morning, to reach the headquarters of the battalion at the forks of the Tuckasegee. A matter of 20 miles, following the trend of the streams, with no ridges to cross, is only a step to the long legged and long winded mountaineer, but it was a long, dreary march to us.

It is late in the wintry afternoon. We are perhaps five miles from our destination. Weary with walking, we are straggling silently along the road. The darkness of the cloudy afternoon and the increasing chill of the approaching evening inspire gloomy forebodings in the heavy hearts of the prisoners. The road has fallen to a level with the river, and the receding mountain gives way to gentle ridges crowned with scattered, leafless chestnuts, gaunt and forbidding in their eccentric distortions.

From behind the barren hill to the right a wailing sound comes to our ears. We stop to listen—to be sure that we hear human voices—then hurry on until we turn the obstruction and come in sight of a group of miserables assembled on the bleak mountain slope. It is the low plaint of women's voices who are seated on the ground wearied with the iteration of their grief. There are four bowed, weeping figures, each brooding over a lump of something covered by a tattered bedquilt. Four husbands—a father and three sons—dead since early morning, lie under the quilts. The oldest of the women mourns not only her husband, but all the dead are her sons, and another wounded to death has stumbled a little farther into the mountains. A group of neighbors waiting to bury the dead stand silently by, coldly regarding the women and only sympathetic enough to refrain from disturbing the mourners in their grief.

"Who are they?" we ask.

"Only the Watsons," says one bystander. "A passel o' hog thieves. A good riddance to the country."

I saw the closing scene of a bloody feud between the Watsons and the Hoopers, for there was only one male Watson left. Although the dead men believed in the southern cause and their slayers were Union outlaws of the most aggressive type, we heard little indignation expressed even among our guard.

One of the Whtsons had been slain by a Hooper, and in retaliation therefor a Hooper on recruiting leave from his regiment in Tennessee had been shot in his doorway in the autumn before. The wounded man, after lying out in the laurel half the winter with his hand on his rifle, had at last recovered, and here was his revenge. Before day he and his clan had surrounded the cabin of the Watsons—only one of whom escaped—had driven their wretched prisoners to this lonely slope and shot them without mercy at sunrise.

Major Parker, who commanded a battalion of home guards, to which our captors belonged, was billeted on the father of the Hoopers, and some of his men were of the party of the executioners. That night we formed a jovial circle in front of the fire in the Hooper kitchen. Major Parker was plying us with apple jack, and James Hooper, bowed with the weight of 70 years, was pacing back and forth in the gloomy room outside our circle thinking his own thoughts of the deed of his sons that day.

Major Parker had himself been a prisoner at Johnson's island and treated the Yankees with pompous consideration. When we retired for the night, the citizen prisoners were held in the kitchen, and we officers were sent to beds in the room above. Lieutenant Sill and I slept in a cavernous feather bed alongside the only window in the loft until we were awakened by loud, angry voices in the room below. The sunlight was streaming in through the little sash, and we heard the major telling some one that he had just ten minutes to live and recommending him to make haste in preparing his dying message to the loved ones at home.

We sprang up, and hurrying on our clothes descended to see what was the matter. The major met us at the door as smiling and affable as if nothing had occurred to ruffle his sweet temper and bade us go out to the branch and wash. The three Georgians were before us and so agitated at the turn of affairs that we found it difficult to get any intelligible statement from them.

Headen and his persecutors were now coming in from the orchard, where, with a harness rein about his neck, they had swung him up three times to a beam in an old barn. Each time, after he had sufficiently recovered from the verge of strangulation, they plied him for information, against which he resolutely closed his lips.

At the breakfast table we three lingered behind the guards and found opportunity to tell the women of our sojourn with their relatives in Cashiers valley. When we joined the others in front of the house, the convoy of prisoners was about starting for Webster, the county seat of Jackson. Headen was lashed by the arm to Tigue, the old Georgian. Lieutenant Cogdill, with two mounted guards, was to have us in charge, and so away we marched in the early morning across the fields to ford in the south fork of the Tuckasegee, just above the junction of the two streams over in a dugout to the Webster road.

If my statement varies in detail from the abridged account of the same events published in The Century Magazine of October, 1890, it is because I have been on the ground since, and the narrations are corrections. For instance, I found I had reported one too few in the Headen family bed and one less than we saw of the murdered Watsons.

All day the road wound along the bank of the river, sometimes the mountain on the right, high and rocky, and sometimes opening out into a succession of gentle hills. The Yankees were on the best of terms with the guards, the lieutenant even advising us to make our escape as soon as we passed out of his hands.

It is a little before noon. The convoy is strung out on the road. Lieutenant Sill is riding one of the horses, with the guard at the rear. The Vincents are far up the road and Headen and Tigue close behind them. Suddenly a voice rings out on the stillness of the woods:

"Catch him! Catch him! He's gone! He's gone!" And on a rise in the road stands Tigue, the pusillanimous, roaring like a bull for fear he will be punished for the escape of Headen, who has whipped out his knife and cut the strap and fled up a mountain trail.

There are much shouting and hard riding and some profane encouragement to the guards from a man who was skinning a deer on the opposite bank of the river, but Headen was no longer of our party.

The rest of us were lodged safely for the night in Webster jail. Miss Lizzie Harris and another girl, friends of Cogdill, paid us a visit in the evening and invited a select few of us to a venison breakfast. Sill and I, accompanied by Lieutenant Cogdill, enjoyed the young ladies' hospitality and made ourselves as merry as possible under the circumstances.

A light snow had fallen in the night, just frosting the soft mud, and when we pulled out for the day's march the cold slush swam through my broken shoes. That night Lieutenant Cogdill handed us over to the authorities at Qualatown, took his receipt for us and bade us goodby and godspeed like an old friend.

We remained here confined in an old building over one stormy day, leaving for Asheville at noon of the 2d of January with a guard consisting of three white men and four Indians.

At night we arrived at the house of Colonel Bryson, where like convoys made a regular stopping place, holding the prisoners in an unused wing of the house. It so happened on this occasion that a party of refugees was in occupation of our quarters, and we were directed to a barn at a little distance up the road. We had brought uncooked beef and meal with us, and while two of the guards entered the house for cooking utensils and fire the whole tired line lounged on the dooryard fence.

It was already growing dark when the men came out, one of them swinging a burning brand, and we straggled down to the barn and built a fire. When we had got thus far in our preparations for the night, a negro appeared to tell us that the colonel thought it would rain and advised us to return to the cornhouse opposite the dwelling. As we were climbing the fence back to the road I missed Sill and Lamson, and soon their absence was discovered by the guard. The Indians were started out in pursuit, but soon returned empty handed. When we had been lounging on the fence on our arrival, Sill and Lamson had found themselves on the extreme right of the line, while I was down by the gate. There was nothing to hinder their slipping away under cover of the thicket at the end of the yard, and they had a long start before they were missed.

After the escape of our companions Captain Smith and I were guarded with renewed vigilance. Lieutenant Sill tells me that from the face of the mountain, where they were securely resting, he could plainly see me standing by the fire. A few minutes later we were securely caged in a corn bin for the night.

As we part here with Lieutenants Sill and Lamson I will turn aside from my personal narrative to land them safely in Tennessee. Before morning they blundered upon the end of a brick building, which they discovered on inspection to be Webster jail. Thus gaining their bearings, they made their way back to the forks of the Tuckasegee into the company of Mack and Monroe Hooper and to the camp of Shooting John Brown, a noted outlier, who, with his sons, lived in a rocky pass on the face of Shelton mountain.

By this time the sheriff of the county, backed by a large posse of citizens, was in hot pursuit of the young Hoopers on account of the Watson affair. From a granite ledge overlooking the valley of the Tuckasegee our fugitives looked down on the sheriff's party riding the river roads, near enough to identify individual members and overhear their plans as they shouted to each other. The Hoopers and their companions were armed with rifles and revolvers, and, with their knowledge of the mountains, had no fear of being taken. Monroe is described as standing out in bold relief against the bare face of the mountain, rifle in hand, despite the remonstrances of his comrades, and threatening to draw a bead on a survivor of the ill fated Watsons who was conducting the sheriff.

As the Yankee officers were neither safe nor comfortable in such a desperately pressed party, they were sent on to friends of the Hoopers at Shooting Creek, near the Georgia line, and from there with experienced guides they passed over the Wacheesa trail into Tennessee.

Our party passed the following night in Waynesville jail, and failing with another day's march to reach Asheville we slept on the floor of a little schoolhouse, a few miles short of the crossing of the French Broad. We must have entered Asheville close to where the Battery Park hotel now stands. I well remember that we passed a sort of fortification and that a wide belt of timber was slashed across the hill in front of the guns. Captain Smith and I were quartered in the courthouse, and old man Tigue and the Vincents were taken to the jail.

At the end of a week our party was augmented by the arrival of four Federal officers who had been captured on the snowy crest of the Great Smoky mountains. If I remember rightly, some of the same guards who had brought us to Asheville conducted us to Greenville, in South Carolina, a distance of some 60 miles. Our road took us through the summer settlement of the South Carolina Four Hundred at Flat Rock. We must have passed here at an early hour, for I only remember a string of handsome villas standing well back on the hillside, with gatehouses bordering the road, and a picturesque brick chapel covered with ivy vines.

The night before we reached Greenville we were quartered at a farmhouse, the prisoners and the privates of the guard occupying one large room which contained but a single bed. As all couldn't sleep in this one bed no one was allowed to do so. We found other means of employing our time. As we entered we had observed a flock of fat white pullets going to roost in the yard. The negroes readily loaned us a kettle and looked on in grinning approval as we wrung the necks of half a dozen of the finest fowls and dug into the side of a sweet potato mound for the necessary vegetables. We took down one of the pictures from the wall to dress the chickens on, having skinned instead of plucking them. The guards were equally interested and equally active in this enterprise, and we shared alike in the spoils. This circumstance, however, did not prevent the angry farmer from following us to Greenville and laying all the blame to the Yankees.

Shortly before this time the bridges on the railway to Columbia had been swept away by a freshet, and it was while awaiting their reconstruction that we were held at Greenville. The jail into which we were taken was a two story brick structure standing flush with the street and having no fence or wall surrounding it. Each floor was divided by a transverse hall, and the large, square room in which our party was quartered looked down the street through two barred windows and into the hall by a square hole in the door cut large enough for the passage of a plate. Opposite to the door was a stone fireplace and in the farther corner a stone sink.

The jailer had four or five well grown daughters, who seemed to take a lively interest in our arrival, for the door had hardly closed upon us before they began to appear on the outside of the peephole with their autograph albums. On our approach their blushing faces retired out of sight, but the books held on for our signatures. They became better acquainted soon, and as our only visible jailers knitted us stockings and supplied us with many luxuries not included in the prison fare, such as wood for a fire, planks and bee gums for seats and a well thumbed volume of Bulwer.

At the end of a week we were joined by a party of seven enlisted men who had also been captured while attempting to get through the mountains. One of the new arrivals had a case knife in his haversack and another a gun screwdriver of tempered steel. With these implements in our hands I saw a chance of escape. On the very evening of the arrival of these men, down on the hearthstone by the light of the fire, I managed the construction of a saw by nicking the thick edge of the knife with the screwdriver, using a bone for a mallet.

A pane of glass was missing from the lower sash of the window by the door, and a piece of carpet had been supplied to us, which hung outside the grate to protect us from the cold wind. Here was an excellent cover for our proposed operations. The upright bars were square, an inch or more in diameter, and of cast iron, moving loosely in the stone mortises above and below, but steadied by frequent flat cross plates of wrought iron.

Just above the second of these plates we began our cut, calculating with a tough stick of firewood to separate the plates after sawing should be accomplished. It was a slow process, at first prosecuted only in the daytime behind the piece of carpet while one of the party listened at the hole in the door. After a whole hour's hard work only a few feathery filings showed on the cross plate. We kept the work going, however, at all available opportunities for two days, and regular hourly reliefs worked throughout Friday night, by this means so deepening the cut that the bar was severed in the early evening of Saturday.

I was at the saw when the supreme moment of success crowned our efforts, and prying up the cross plate above the cut I lifted out the short piece and rushed to the crowd crouching over the fireplace and threw it on the hearth. I was wild with excitement and felt myself almost again on foot in the snowy mountains.

Anticipating this result, we had already resolved ourselves into several traveling parties and now cast lots to see which party should have first exit. The fortunate lot fell to the enlisted men, who all elected to go together. I was to go with Captain Smith, who had made friends at Cæsar's Head in his last outing and professed to know how to reach them again. Each man in descending must pass the window of the room occupied by the jailer and his family. The night was extremely cold, the ground covered with snow whose top was frozen to a crust. Although there was a garrison in the town, there were no guards about the jail, its strength of wall and bar being deemed amply sufficient to hold its inmates.

We had spliced a rope and a strip of blanket together and made one end of this contrivance fast to the grating. At 11 o'clock we judged it would be safe to try the experiment.

The first man crept through the opening without difficulty and perched on the sill, while we passed him his boots and haversack. In the cold, darkness we were crowded about the window, making as little noise as possible on the floor and anxiously awaiting the success of the first descent. The figure of the man outside was clearly cut against the sky as he grappled with the rope. Now he swings off from the ledge, his shoulders disappear, his head sinks out of sight. Every man in the room above is holding his breath as he listens. There is a crash of shattered glass without and a suppressed chorus of groans within, and the released rope dangles free from the grating.

In the silence that follows we snatch in the rope, and passing through the bars we soon see the jailer standing in the doorway. He looks up and down the frozen, deserted street, but makes no call for help. We can hear no sound of our comrade outside. The jailer is motionless in the door. Shivering and tired and defeated, one by one we roll up in our blankets and lie down on the hard floor with a billet of wood for a pillow.

We were awakened at daylight in the morning by the voice of the jailer's eldest daughter, Emma Harrison, innocently asking who it was got out in the course of the night. I answered, "It was Welty," and all who were awake listened anxiously for the next words from the hole in the door.

"Well," said she, cautiously projecting her voice into the room, "you was fools you didn't all go. Pop wouldn't 'a' stopped you. If you will keep the break concealed until tonight, we will let you all go."

The uniform kindness of our keepers was soon explained. The jailer was a Union man, and his official detail exempted himself and sons from service in the field and enabled them to stop in Greenville and ply their trade, which was shoemaking. We were told that "Welty" had bruised his ankle in kicking out the lower window, and Pop Harrison had induced him to come in and have his hurt bandaged. They had then supplied him with food and directions on the road and sent him forth rejoicing.

At supper we were given an extra ration, and it was no sooner dark than the jailer appeared in our midst and carefully instructed each party in the route it wished to take toward the mountains. A little later the girls came up and bade us goodby, wishing us a safe journey.

At 11 o'clock the door of our room was quietly swung open, finding us completely equipped for travel, blankets rolled and haversacks slung. Down the narrow back stairs we followed our stanch friend, Miss Emma, and in a twinkling we are grouped on the snow, in the starlight, in the back yard of the jail, shaking hands with our benefactress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Temperance Shoes.

Customer—I notice some shoes in the window that you have labeled "Temperance shoes." What kind are they?

Dealer—They are warranted not to be tight.—London Tit-Bits.

READ

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THE POLICY OF SPAIN

HAS A RATHER DEFIANT HUE AS REGARDS UNCLE SAM.

What We Will Hear if the President Sends in a Damages Message, According to a New York World Special—An Intimation That the Spaniard Can Attend to His Own Business—Report That Colazzo's Expedition Has Landed in Cuba.

NEW YORK, March 24.—A dispatch to the World from Madrid says: It is an open secret that the Spanish government will be much pleased if President Cleveland sends a message to congress regarding American losses in consequence of the rebellion in Cuba. Such a message will not only give to the Madrid government a long desired opportunity to take official notice of what has been going on of late in the United States and Cuba, but it will furnish a pretext for taking the following steps:

Will Send a Note to Uncle Sam.

First—Sendinging a note clearly stating to the United States government Spain's intention to put down the rebellion in Cuba exactly as America did the rebellion in the southern states—that is to say, without tolerating any foreign interference, even in the form of mediation, and without taking the slightest notice of any recognition of Cuban belligerency except to regard it as further reason for insisting upon a stricter regard for neutrality and the principles of international law than the United States have manifested even while considering the Cubans as simple rebels against a friendly government.

Touches on the Monroe Doctrine.

Second—Sending a memorandum to foreign governments, especially European powers, setting forth that Spain is defending a common cause of European nations, defending their as well as her sovereign rights over colonies in America against American interference and the pretensions of the Monroe doctrine.

Third—Claiming on the eve of a general election that the policy of the Canovas' cabinet has been vindicated, thus casting the onus of a conflict on the United States, as Senor Canovas, since March, 1895, has done everything in his power to avert a rupture of cordial relations between Spain and the United States.

DODGED THE SPANISH WARSHIPS.

Colazzo Expedition Lands in Cuba—That Victory of Maceo.

TAMPA, Fla., March 24.—Letters have been received from persons connected with the Colazzo expedition stating that on the 17th inst., while in sight of the Pan de Matanzas, a mountain near Matanzas, three Spanish warships, The Infanta Isabella, Marquis de La Encenada and the Contra Maestro, were sighted. The expedition drew off from the land to avoid the warships. After dark one of the latter proceeded along the coast scrutinizing it with searchlights. The steamer bearing the expedition slipped in just behind her and unloaded. It was attacked at daylight by a small Spanish force and driven away, but another band of insurgents hearing the firing came to the rescue and the small quantity of arms captured by the Spaniards were retaken.

A letter from a Spanish source gives a report of the engagement at Candelaria on the 17th inst., when Maceo and Quintin Bandera with 6,000 men attacked Colonel Francis. The Spanish loss, the letter says, was 300 soldiers, four captains and eight lieutenants. Francis surrendered, giving up all his arms and ammunition. This, it is said, incensed General Weyler, who announced that Francis would return to Spain on the next steamer.

HAVANA, March 24.—The insurgents are displaying extreme rigor in enforcing their prohibitions against countrymen bringing vegetables and milk to Sancti Spiritus. As a consequence the sick and children are suffering and grocers are enjoying the benefit of greatly enhanced prices.

A story comes from Cayo Madera that the insurgents ravished two girls, aged respectively 16 and 13, in the presence of their father. The report that the insurgents hanged five peaceable laborers near Remedios, in the Remedios district of the province of Santa Clara, turns out to be incorrect.

General Melquis met 300 insurgents at the village of Portilla after it had been burned. The cavalry charged and killed ten of them and found one man hanged.

MILLION GOES UP IN SMOKE.

Copper Works at Natrona, Pa., Wiped Out by the Flames.

PITTSBURG, March 23.—A disastrous fire in the smelting department of the Copper works of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing company at Natrona caused a loss estimated at $1,000,000. The buildings destroyed covered nearly four acres of ground. It was amiracle that the upper part of the town and lower works were saved. As it was the costly machinery and mechanical appliances were destroyed, sixteen furnaces and fifty tanks are ruined, the buildings are gutted and will have to be rebuilt. A number of loaded freight cars standing on a siding adjoining the works were consumed.

Stopped to Remonstrate and Died.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., March 23.—Two men were killed and three slightly injured by an explosion of dynamite which shook the earth and was heard for miles around. The dead are: John Claggett, former tax collector, of Howard county; Lee Williams, colored laborer, of Charlestown, W. Va. The injured are: Phillip Morningstar, Josiah Jones and Charles Ditzel, all of this place, and all suffering from the shock of the explosion. None of them is seriously hurt. It was a case of thawing dynamite at a fire. Claggett had just stopped to remonstrate against the carelessness when the explosion took place.

Watch Factory to Close.

WALTHAM, Mass., March 23.—Immediately following the settlement of the strike in the American Watch company's factory, announced Friday, comes notice from the management that the factory will be closed until further notice. This created considerable excitement, but it is thought it will cause no particular disturbance. Manager Fitch says that this step has been taken in order to secure a more equitable division of the work, some departments being able go to faster than others.

Made an Assignment.

EASTON, Pa., March 23.—The Glendon Iron company, one of the oldest in the Lehigh valley, has made an assignment to J. T. Lee of Philadelphia and Francis G. Gray of Boston.

TURBULENT POLITICS IN GOTHAM.

Republicans Have Warm Times and Hold Double Conventions.

NEW YORK, March 18.—In all congressional districts of this city, with the exception of the Sixteenth, the Republicans last night held conventions for the purpose of electing delegates and alternates to the national Republican convention in which turbulence and confusion were the chief characteristics in the Twelfth and Fifteenth districts. In the Murray Hill Lyceum, where the Twelfth district convention was held, it frequently looked as if only the presence of a squad of policemen prevented a scene of personal encounter between the opposing factions favoring Morton and McKinley as presidential candidates.

In spite of the claims of Cornelius N. Bliss and Colonel Cruger, the "anti-machine" banner-bearers, they were defeated, but only after a stubborn fight. Even then they would not accept defeat, and under the leadership of George Bliss their cohorts got together and held an opposition convention and elected their own delegates. In consequence of this action there will be a contest before the national convention.

A wild scene of riot and disorder marked the opening proceedings of the Fifteenth congressional district convention at Benwick hall. Over 1,000 excited men cheered, hooted and yelled at each other while Police Inspector Cartwright, Captain Dean, four police sergeants and 100 roundsmen and patrolmen vainly endeavored to restore something like a semblance of order. The fight was between the Platt and Brookfield factions. Here, too, there were two conventions and two sets of delegates elected.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OF POWDER.

Five Men Blown to Pieces and Many Others Injured by the Blast.

KINGSTON, N. Y., March 19.—A terrific explosion occurred at the Laflin-Rand powder mill at Rifton yesterday. Rifton is about six miles from this city, and yet the force of the explosion, which was closely followed by a second explosion, was plainly felt here. Five men were blown to pieces, and it was with difficulty that the identification of the missing could be arrived at. The list of killed follows: Elias Peterson, John Jones, Emory Decker, Norman Decker and Solomon Smalley. About fifty men were employed at the mill, and many of them were hurt, although at present it is not known how serious the injuries may be.

The glazer and dry houses went up, shattered to atoms. Only five men were engaged at work in that department and those were the five who were killed. What caused the explosion will never be known. Almost immediately an adjoining building took fire, and it, too, was blown to pieces. The terrified workmen tried to reach places of safety, but many of them were struck by flying embers. The entire surrounding village was shaken on its foundation, all the windows for miles around were broken, and the buildings close to the powder mills tottered as though they would fall.

In all 30,000 pounds of powder were destroyed and the loss to the company is placed at $30,000. Of the men killed all were married except Norman Decker. Their bodies were frightfully mutilated, portions of them being scattered among debris far from the scene of the explosion.

DEATH TO THIRTEEN MINERS.

Gas Explodes in a Pennsylvania Pit, Working Terrible Havoc.

DUBOIS, March 24.—A gas explosion in the Berwind White mines in the outskirts of this city was terribly destructive to human life. The number killed in the explosion is 13. The bodies have all been removed from the mine and are being made ready at the improvised morgue to be taken to their late homes. All of the men were married with the exception of one, who was a son of one of the killed. As the mining industry has been in a depressed condition for some time past all the families are left in very poor circumstances.

There was another explosion at Adrian mines, located eight miles south of here, caused by fire-damp. Two men were killed. The dead are Isaac Jones and Joe Lawrence, both married and the latter of whom leaves eleven children.

SIGNIFICANT, FROM SALISBURY.

Says Arbitration Proposals Are Now Before Our Government.

LONDON, March 23.—Lord Salisbury has sent a reply to the memorial in favor of Anglo-American arbitration of the Venezuelan question adopted by the peace society at a meeting in Queen's hall. The reply is addressed to Rt. Hon. James Stansfield, ex-member of parliament, who presided at the meeting. Lord Salisbury says: "I am glad to be able to inform you that this question is receiving the consideration of the government and that proposals in the direction indicated by the memorial are now before the government of the United States."

Gertrude Taylor Confesses Murder.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., March 20.—The mystery of the poisoning of the Dillon Taylor family at Craig, Mo., which has resulted in the death of Dillon Taylor and the probable death of Robert Taylor, his son, and the latter's wife, was cleared up when Gertrude Taylor, aged 13, confessed that she was guilty of the poisoning. She said she had formed a dislike for her brother and his wife and her father because they would not consent to let her keep an organ which had been in the home for a year. The girl was held in $1,000 for murder, but her wealthy uncles say she shall not be convicted if money can save her.

Trying to Make a Deal with Holmes.

PHILADELPHIA, March 24.—Efforts are being made by several Philadelphia and New York publishers to induce Murderer H. H. Holmes to make a full confession and to tell the story of his life. One New York publisher began with an offer of $1,000 for a truthful and detailed story of his criminal career, and gradually increased it to $5,000 because of the indifference of the condemned man. While Holmes was considering this last proposition a rival New York newspaper offered him $7,500 flat for the same thing. It is not known whether he has accepted the offer.

She Reverses the Usual Programme.

COATESVILLE, Pa., March 23.—Bertha McConnell, aged 20, of this city, shot Harry Thompson at a hotel in Lancaster. After the shooting she returned to her home in this city and shot herself. The double crime is alleged to have been the result of Thompson having deceived and betrayed the young woman. Both Miss McConnell and her victim will probably die.

NATIONAL STRIKE.

A Great Effort Is To Be Made for an Eight-Hour Day.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 24.—The executive committee of the National Federation of Labor began its regular conference in this city yesterday. Those present were: President Gompers; Secretary August McGraith; P. J. Maguire, of Philadelphia, first vice president, James Duncan, of Baltimore, second vice president; James O'Connell, of Chicago, third vice president, and M. M. Garland, of Pittsburg, fourth vice president. The conference lasted until a late hour last evening and was devoted chiefly to a discussion of the best means of bringing about an eight-hour day.

A poll of those present showed a unanimous sentiment in favor of taking executive action at once that will test the question as to whether the affiliated labor organizations of the country are capable of securing what they claim to be their rights in this particular. It was the sentiment that a concerted effort should be made, and in order to devise ways and means the matter was referred to a subcommittee composed of Maguire, Lennon and O'Connell, who will make a report on the subject. There are three national organizations—the Carpenters, Iron Ore Workers and Horseshoers—who have volunteered to do anything that the council may order to bring about the desired result.

It was given out by Secretary McGraith that the Carpenters' National union will probably be selected to make the test, and when questioned he said that it was not only possible but probable that the council will order a strike of this union throughout the country in order to bring about the desired result. The secretary's report shows a marked increase in the federation's finances and membership, two charters having been issued so far this year to one during the same time last year.

Grievances of the musicians at Milwaukee and painters at Pittsburg were discussed without action. It was decided to send President Gompers to Washington in November at the time of the National Musicians' convention to espouse labor bills before congress. The question of federal power in injunction cases will probably be taken up today and a law governing sympathetic strikes will likely be formulated.

OSMAN DIGNA GIVING ANXIETY.

British Troops To Be Sent to Egypt in Case of an Emergency.

LONDON, March 21.—The government gives evidence that considerable uneasiness is felt regarding the development of the military situation in Africa. The aggressive movement of Osman Digna is a special source of anxiety to the British government. A conference was held yesterday between Lord Wolseley, General Sir Redvers Bullers, General Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Francis Grenfell regarding the defense of Suakin. Preparations have been made for the dispatch of British troops in an emergency. Several tons of material have left Woolwich for Egypt.

Another Bastard Who Can Be Spared.

MILWAUKEE, March 21. — John Holzinger, a railway employe, last night shot and killed his brother-in-law, Mrs. Katie Miller, and fatally wounded his young wife. The tragedy occurred at Mrs. Miller's home and was inspired by Mrs. Holzinger beginning suit for divorce. The women were alone when Holzinger kicked in the door and opened fire. Mrs. Miller was shot through the heart and the wife fell on the stairs in attempting to escape and was shot as she lay there. Holzinger later surrendered to the police.

"Eyes of the World Are on Us."

CINCINNATI, March 24.—James J. Corbett, when shown the proposition from the Bolingbroke club, of London, offering $12,000 for a fight between Mitchell and Corbett, promptly said: "Mitchell is not my man. I am after Fitzsimmons. The eyes of the world are on us, and we are expected to meet. I would gladly accept this offer if I were after money, because I count it easy money, but my game is Fitzsimmons and it will not do for me to bind myself up with anybody else."

Public Buildings for Western Towns.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—At the meeting of the house committee on public buildings the following bills for public buildings were reported favorably by subcommittees: Clinton, Ia., $100,000; Freeport, Ills., $100,000; Menominee, Mich., $50,000: Joliet, Ills., $100,000; Elgin, Ills., $100,000.

Instructed for Morton.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., March 23.—John T. Mott of Oswego and Dewitt C. Middleton of Watertown were Saturday chosen to represent the Republicans of the Twenty-fourth congressional district in the national convention at St. Louis. They were instructed for Morton for the presidency.

Moss Surrenders Himself.

TIFFIN, O., March 23.—John Moss, who shot his divorced wife and her sister and then defied arrest, kept the officials at bay all night, but in the morning surrendered himself and has been brought here from Riegler. It is now thought that both the women may recover.

Made an Assignment.

NEWCASTLE, Pa., March 20.—The North wood Glass company, which had one of the largest plants at Elwood, made an assignment Thursday. It is said that the assignee will make the attempt to run the works. Fancy and colored glass was manufactured.

THE DEATH RECORD.

WILLIAM CROUCH, widely known among traveling men, at Lyons, Ia.

FRANK KLOTZ, prominent in fraternal circles, at Lebanon, Ind.

TIMOTHY FOLLETT STRONG, veteran editor, at Fond du Lac, Wis.

Judge JAMES E. LINCOLN, a descendant of President Lincoln, at Liberto, Mo.

Rev. Dr. MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER, at St. Louis.

ROBERT EDWARD EARLL of the Smithsonian institute, at Washington.

ELDRED S. HALE, veteran of the Black Hawk war, at Primrose, Wis.

HENRY QUIGG, pioneer resident of Virginia, Ills.

THOMAS M. SPEARS, for many years chief of police of Kansas City.

THOMAS HUGHES, Q. C., author of "Tom Brown's School Days," at London.

Mrs. JENNIE B. KIMBALL, well known opera company manager, at St. Paul.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, the well known theosophist, at New York.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

STATE NEWS GATHERED FROM HERE AND THERE.

Some of the Important Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph—Matters Which Will Be of Interest to Our Readers—State News in Brief Form.

DECATUR, March 24.—Macon county Republicans had the liveliest convention in years yesterday. There was an effort to have the congressional delegates instructed to vote for Hugh Crea, of Macon, and H. N. Schuyler, of Christiania, for national delegates, and that they be instructed "to vote for McKinley, first, last and all the time." The minority, however, wanted no instructions for national delegates. The convention adopted a resolution instructing the state and congressional delegates "to use all honorable means to have McKinley nominated."

Opponents of Crea declare that he is not a McKinley man, although he said in the convention: "If Macon county Republicans want us to go to St. Louis to uphold McKinley's standard, I shall be glad to do it." As members of the minority left the hall they declared a belief that Cullom would yet get this district.

TRAGEDY AT FORT SHERIDAN.

One Soldier Shoots Another and Is Wounded Himself.

CHICAGO, March 23.—Fort Sheridan had another tragedy Friday and as a result two men are lying in the hospital and both of them will probably die. The wounded are: Private Allen, company A, Fifteenth regiment; Private Call, company A, Fifteenth regiment. The shooting occurred at 9 o'clock at the post quarters and was done by Allen, whose sanity is questioned. Allen was at once seized and in the struggle his revolver was discharged and he himself was wounded so seriously that he will die.

The first story of the encounter said that the two men had been engaged in a boxing match which had extended over some minutes and in which Allen was being worsted. At the end of the bout both men retired to rest, when Allen was seen to take off his gloves and leave the quarters. It was thought he went to obtain a drink of water. A few minutes later he suddenly returned carrying a revolver, and before he could be stopped had fired at his competitor. Call fell to the floor with what is supposed to be a mortal wound. A rush was made for Allen and in the confusion the revolver was again discharged, this bullet wounding the struggling man.

Will of J. H. McVicker.

CHICAGO, March 24.—The will of James H. McVickers was brought into the probate court Monday, but was not admitted to probate until later in the day. By it the deceased theatrical manager leaves his estate, valued at $250,000, to his widow, Harriet, and his son Horace. The value of his estate would be larger but for the fact that most of Mr. McVicker's property since the Chicago fire had been placed in his wife's name, Mrs. McVicker at the present time holding stock in the McVicker Theater company to the extent of $350,000. Mr. McVicker's will was executed Feb. 8 in his own handwriting.

Woman Beaten by a Brute.

CHICAGO, March 23.—May Lamont was beaten into insensibility by a man whom she designated as "Billy," Friday night in Monroe street, between Green and Halsted. She was on her way to her home, when the man attacked her. Her left hip and two ribs were broken. Her face was beaten into a mass. She was taken to the county hospital, where the doctors say she will die. William Brown was arrested and locked up at the Desplains Street station. He says he mistook the woman for another person who had offended him.

Died of Hydrophobia.

NASHVILLE, Ills., March 23.—Adolph Zeigler, 14 years old, son of August Zeigler, who resides near Hoyleton, was bitten by a dog with the rabies a week ago last Sunday. The following day he was taken to Beaucop, where a madstone, belonging to a Mr. Logan, was applied, and it adhered to the wound twice. Last Monday hydrophobia symptoms began to develop and the news reached here Friday that the boy died after intense suffering. His father, while subduing him, was bitten slightly in the hand. The wound was immediately cauterized.

His Insanity Is Horse-Stealing.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., March 24.—Girard Chouteau, an alleged horsethief, who is connected with the old and wealthy Chouteau family of St. Louis, was released yesterday from jail here at the request of ex-Governor Seay, of Alabama, a relative, and taken to an Alabama insane asylum. He has been in the Kansas and southern Illinois penitentiaries and in the Jacksonville insane asylum twice, escaping from the latter.

Declared for McKinley Against Cullom.

LINCOLN, Ills., March 23.—The Republican primaries held in Logan county resulted in a victory for McKinley, the issue being between McKinley and Cullom. The significance of the result is that it beats Cullom in his home district.

Suing for Penitentiary Funds.

CARLYLE, Ills., March 23.—The southern Illinois penitentiary has filed a suit in the Clinton county court for $17,893 against the estate of the late Rufus N. Ramsey.

State Notes.

Joseph Young, an ex-slave who was known to have been upward of 100 years of age, is dead at Belleville, Ills. He was taken to Illinois as a slave by Governor Edwards.

William Slagle, who has the contract for excavating for the new incurable insane asylum at Peoria, began work under the supervision of Colonel John Warner, who is superintendent. It is expected to begin the erection of the buildings in a few weeks.

Thomas Mann, wanted at Mattoon, Ills., for horse stealing, was captured at Frankfort, Ind., by a farmers' detective association.

Joseph Eystra of Oregon, Ills., has been appointed fish warden for Oregon county.

After an intermission of three months work is to be resumed on the levee at Keithsburg, Ills., Contractor King of Omaha, having surmounted financial difficulties.

Republicans of Jessamine county, Ky., in Governor Bradley's congressional district, instructed delegates to the district and state conventions for Governor Bradley first and Major McKinley second.

NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of Proceedings in Both Houses of Congress.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—The senate debated a resolution directing Secretary Smith to execute the law for the public opening of the Uncompahgre Indian reservation, Utah, during which the secretary was "roasted" for not executing the law, and Vest got off one of his phillipics against the president. Thurston debated the Dupont election case. Bills were passed for the reconstruction of the Rock Island bridge, authorizing the Rock Island, Muscatine, and Southwestern Railroad company to build a bridge across the Illinois and Mississippi canal, and several others of less importance. An executive session was held.

The house debated the resolutions censuring Ambassador Bayard for his speeches in England.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—Cuba had the entire attention of the senate yesterday, speeches being made by Gray, Chilton and Caffery, the debate being enlivened by many spirited incidents. The Delaware senator caused much amusement by referring to Mr. Hale as "the senator from Spain." Hale demanded proof that Spain had not kept her promises to Cuba, but it was not given.

The house devoted the whole day to debate on the Bayard censure resolutions. It was agreed that a vote be taken at 2 p. m. today.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—The senate adopted a motion to adjourn to Monday against the opposition of Sherman, who wanted to continue the Cuban debate. The vote, however, is not considered significant. Caffery completed his speech against the Cuban resolutions and Call spoke for them. Palmer secured the floor, and will speak on Monday. Bills were passed giving a pension of $50 per month to Mrs. General Clendenin and a number of others of no particular importance. Morgan offered a joint resolution simply recognizing Cuban belligerence, which went over to Monday.

The house adopted the resolutions censuring Ambassador Bayard for his speeches in England—180 to 71—five Republicans and six Democrats flying the party track, the former voting no and the latter aye. The seat of Boatner from the Fifth Louisiana district was declared vacant, three Republicans voting no. At the night session a dozen pension bills were favorably acted upon. Adjourned to Monday.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—In the senate Sherman moved to recommit the Cuban resolutions to the conference committee for modification and it carried unanimously. Mills offered resolutions directing the president to request Spain to give Cuba home rule and in case of refusal to take charge of Cuba with the forces of the United States and hold the island until it is able to protect itself. Palmer spoke against the Cuban resolutions and Allen for them. The legislative appropriation bill was taken up and an executive session was held.

The house spent most of today considering the Curtis bill to abolish the death penalty in all cases where it is prescribed in the federal statutes (sixty in number) save in cases of murder and rape, where, however, the jury might qualify the verdict, "without capital punishment." The bill failed to pass for want of a quorum. Bills were passed to amend the act of March 2, 1893, relating to the promotion of the safety of employes and travelers on railroads, and to authorize the Hammond and Blue Island railway company to construct a bridge across the Calumet river in Cook county, Ill.

Bayard Will Not Be Notified.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—Ambassador Bayard will not receive any official notice of the censure passed upon him by the house of representatives last week, unless Secretary Olney should decide to bring the matter to his attention, which members consider improbable. There was no provision contained in the resolutions for bringing them to the ambassador's attention.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, March 23.

Money on call nominally 3½@4 per cent.; prime mercantile paper 5@6 per cent.; sterling exchange was firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487¾@488 for demand and 486¾@487 for sixty days; posted rates, 487½@488 and 488½@489; commercial bills, 486

Silver certificates, 68¼@68¾; no sales; bar silver, 68¾; Mexican dollars, 54¾.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's registered, 118¾; do coupons, 118¾; 5's registered, 113; 5's coupons, 113; 4's registered, 123; 4's coupons, 119¼; 6's registered, 95; Pacific 6's of '95, 102.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, March 23.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat — March, opened 61¾c, closed 60¾c; May, opened 63¼c, closed 62c; July, opened 63¼c, closed 62¾c. Corn—March nominal, closed 28¾c; May, opened 25¾c, closed 29¾c; July, opened 30¾c, closed 30¾c. Oats—March, nominal, closed 18½c; May, opened 20¼c, closed 19¾c; July, opened 23¾c, closed 19¾c. Pork—March, opened $9.12½, closed $8.90; May, opened $9.35, closed $9.02½. Lard—March, opened $5.20, closed $5.12½; May, opened $5.32½, closed $5.25.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 21c per lb; extra dairy, 18c; packing stock, 8½@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9½@10c per dozen. Dressed Poultry—Spring chickens, 9½@10c per lb; old hens, 8½@9c; roosters, 5@5½c; turkeys, 13@14½c; ducks, 10@13c; geese, 7@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 18@30c per bushel. Sweet Potatoes—Fair to choice, $2.00@2.75 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.00@1.75 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, fancy, 12@13c per lb.; broken comb, 8@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Cranberries — Cape Cod, $7.50@8.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, March 23.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 26,000; sales ranged at $3.15@4.10 pigs, $3.90@4.15 light, $3.80@3.90 rough packing, $3.80@4.10 mixed and $3.90@4.05 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 9,500; quotations ranged at $4.00@4.40 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.75@4.05 good to choice do., $3.30@3.80 fair to good, $3.30@3.70 common to medium do., $3.20@3.70 butchers' steers, $2.80@3.35 stockers, $3.25@3.75 feeders, $1.30@4.50 cows, $1.40@3.75 heifers, $2.00@3.50 bulls, $2.50@4.00 Texas steers, and $3.00@5.25 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; sales ranged at $2.50@3.90 westerns, $2.10@3.35 Texas, $2.50@4.00 natives, and $3.25@4.70 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, March 23.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 61c; No. 1 northern 61c; May, 62c. Corn—No. 3, 27½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 19½c, No. 3 do, 18½c. Barley—No. 2, 32c; samples, 29@31½c. Rye—No. 1, 33c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, March 23.

Wheat—Cash white, 70½c bid; cash red, 68¼c; May, 69½c bid; July, 65½c bid.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday March 18.

Two persons were killed and eight others more or less injured in a collision on the Pennsylvania railway near Steelton, Pa. The dead are: Samuel Welsh, engineer; Lee Strouse, fireman. Both lived in Philadelphia.

The socialists of that city turned out in force to welcome back to Rome and liberty the leader of their party, Giuseppe de Felice, who had been for years in prison for plotting revolution and who has just been set free by the government.

Kansas Populists intend to run Senator Peffer for governor.

During the recent snowstorm in the province of Orel, Russia, 130 persons were frozen to death in one night.

Joseph H. Manley, Reed's manager in the presidential race, says: "McKinley will not be nominated on the first ballot, nor on the second, nor on the third, and we do not think that he will be nominated at all. We are not claiming everything, but are nevertheless sawing wood, and we shall be heard from at St. Louis."

Thursday, March 19.

Edward Louden, Jr., 26 years old, who lived with his parents at Chicago, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head.

C. Schuer, representing a Chicago furniture house, is under arrest at Stillwater, Minn., charged with stealing $100.

Rev. C. E. Mandeville, pastor of the Winter Street Methodist Episcopal church, Chicago, has received a call from a church in Washington, D. C. The salary attached to the new call is $3,000 a year.

Returns from New York's Republican primaries indicate that Governor Morton will have an almost solid delegation in the St. Louis convention.

Edmund Alling, aged 89, and his wife Charlotte, aged 85, died within three hours of each other at Warren, O. They had been married 63 years.

Governor Altgeld has restored the rights of citizenship to George R. Randall, of Danville, Ills.

Friday, March 20.

Depression in the watch trade may cause the Waltham factory to shut down temporarily, throwing 2,500 persons out of employment.

A British warship has been sent from Kingston, Jamaica, to intercept the steamer Bermuda, which is expected to embark a Cuban filibustering expedition there.

John C. Rice, general manager of the Blue Jay Mining company, has caused the arrest of John H. Royer and A. Wilson King, two brokers at Denver, who figured in a Blue Jay deal, charging them with embezzlement.

The gross receipts for the thirty largest postoffices in the country last month increased $344,742. The total receipts were $2,722,187, against $2,377,445 for February, 1895.

Robbers tried to hold up a train near Tulare, Cal., but having been "given away" by one of the gang were fired on by a sheriff's posse and one of the robbers killed. The posse did such bad shooting, however, that the sheriff was fatally and one other member severely wounded, while the balance of the thugs got away.

Saturday, March 21.

The supreme court of Nebraska has dismissed the case wherein Editor Rosewater, of the Omaha Bee, was fined $300 and sentenced to thirty days in jail by Judge Scott, of the Douglas county district court, for alleged contempt of Scott's court.

The reported formation of a circus trust, with a view of crushing the smaller shows, is denied by J. A. Bailey.

The senate committee on territories has agreed to report favorably the bill for the admission of Arizona as a state of the union.

On the account of objections made by women members of God's American Volunteers to seal-brown color for dresses Commander Ballington Booth has decieded to let them wear cadet blue uniforms.

The Presbyterian mission 130 miles southeast of Shanghai, China, was raided by robbers Feb. 7. Rev. Rufus H. Bent was shot in the thigh and seriously cut in the head. The safe was robbed of $300.

Thomas A. Edison has discovered that by using X rays in connection with plates coated with tungstate of calcium he can see through the human hand at a distance of fifteen feet.

Monday, March 23.

The First National bank of Mitchell, S. D., which has been in the hands of the national bank examiner for a month, has opened its doors for business again.

Hennepin county, Minnesota, elected McKinley delegates to the state convention.

Benjamin H. Milliken has been acquitted at Washington of entering the bedroom of a young lady last July for purposes of rape. The jury concluded that he was drunk and irresponsible.

Commander Eva Booth, of the Salvation Army, has arrived at Chicago, where the Ballington secessionists are said to be very strong, although not yet in open rebellion.

William O. Judge, president of the Theosophists in the United States, successor to Madame Blavatsky, died Saturday at New York of consumption that he had been fighting for years. It is said that there 400,000 Theosophists in this country.

John Hartman, at Omaha, murdered his wife and then committed suicide. Cause, poverty.

General George H. Nettleton, president of the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis railroad, is critically ill at his home and it is not thought he can recover.

More

Medical value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation.

More skill, more care, more expense in manufacture. It costs proprietor and dealer

More but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.

More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process.

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Official Newspaper of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, MARCH 28, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Miss Olga Nethersole.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Mr. Stuart Robson.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Lockhart's Elephants.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Contented Woman."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Minnie Maddern Fiske.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Little Christopher."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Louis James.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Smugglers."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

SAINTLY ANGLO-YANKEES—WICKED IRISH.

The Atlantic Monthly has been bitten by the Knownothing rattlesnake, and, after the manner of its kind, is unloading the poison in its blood on "the Irish." In a recent number there appeared the following, headed "The Irish in American Politics," which was copied, without comment, by the Northwestern Christian Advocate of this city:

"The political activity of the Irish in this country has been notoriously great, and on the whole it has been pernicious. Ireland has furnished us with a few commanding figures in political life. The fathers of two presidents of the United States emigrated from one and the same small town in the North of Ireland; but for the most part the Irish have contributed an insignificant number to the higher offices, state or national. They have, however, figured very largely as councilmen and aldermen in the chief cities, and also as legislators in several states, notably in New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts. In these positions, it must be confessed, they have been distinguished more by corruption and intrigue than by any better qualities. The part which Irishmen have played in the city government of New York and in the New York assembly is too familiar to require comment here. Not long ago an Irish member of the Massachusetts legislature remarked that he was a laughing-stock to his Irish associates because he refused to take money from persons interested in matters of legislation before the house. And yet it would be easy to exaggerate the relative depravity of the Irish in this respect. The power of Tammany in New York would probably have been broken long since had it not been for native American, and, during the latest campaign, German-American support. If we say that the course which the Irish have taken in politics has been more uniformly and consistently bad than that pursued by native Americans, we shall probably state the truth. Among Irish politicians there is an almost entire absence of that reform element which has always to be reckoned with in the case of native Americans. Even Irishmen who are honest in business will often adopt a different standard in politics.

"This laxity can be attributed mainly, I think, to the fact that for centuries the Irish in Ireland have been educated to a false conception of government. The government has commonly stood to them in the place of an oppressor, or, at best, as something out of which as much as possible should be got, and to which nothing was due. The Irish have not yet realized the American idea, that the people are themselves the government, and that he who holds office is administering a trust for the whole people, of whom he himself is a part. In a measure, also, the unscrupulousness of the Irish in politics arises from the Celtic ardor and partisanship with which they pursue their objects. The end in view seems to them so necessary as to justify almost any means of accomplishing it. Political dishonesty is hardly more of a crime to an Irishman than smuggling is to a woman. In time, however, we may expect that the Irish will acquire clearer views upon this subject."

We have neither the time nor the disposition to hunt up the names of Irishmen who have held high office in this country, but we may state, in passing, that they have been relatively more numerous than the high office holders of any other so-called foreign element, if we include the sons of Irish parents. Native Protestant Americans have no desire to promote politically Irish Catholics, or their immediate descendants, no matter how long they may live among them, and no matter what may be their ability. They have, in fact, an inborn distrust of any Irishman, or of any Catholic, who does not hedge and crawfish. If an Irishman, or the son of an Irishman, born a Catholic, goes to a Methodist or Baptist church and teaches a Sunday school class, his Irishism becomes, in American Protestant eyes, merely a shade of original sin, and, after he has eaten sufficient crow, he may be admitted to the political banquet table. This is one reason why Irishmen have not been more numerous in high office. Nevertheless, we can mention, for the benefit of the Atlantic Monthly, and the Northwestern Christian Advocate, some of the Irish-Americans, Protestant and Catholic, of Irish birth or immediate parentage, who have held high office in America, namely: Andrew Jackson, Chester A. Arthur, Senator David C. Broderick, of California; James T. Brady, of New York; Gov. Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania; Charles P. Daily, New York; Thomas Addis Emmet, New York; Senator James G. Fair, Nevada; Congressman William D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania; Congressman Charles S. O'Neill, ditto; Senator Francis Kernan, of New York; Judge John McKeon, of New York; Judge Morgan O'Brien, ditto; Senator J. E. Kenna, West Virginia; Senator Thomas H. Carter, Montana; Congressman Martin Maginnis, ditto; Senator Powers, ditto; Secretary of the Treasury Daniel Manning; Judge Charles O'Connor, New York, Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States; Senator Sewell, of New Jersey; Judge Richard O'Gorman, New York; Register Charles Graham Halpine (Miles O'Reilly) New York; Congressman O'Neill, Massachusetts; Mayor Hugh O'Brien, Boston; Mayor John A. Roche, Chicago; Mayor John P. Hopkins, Chicago; Senator John A. Logan, Illinois; Assistant Secretary of the Navy, William McAdoo, of New Jersey; Senator from Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri, James Shields, General and hero; Gen. Philip Henry Sheridan, Chief Justice Ryan, Supreme court of Wisconsin; Senator Patrick Walsh, of Georgia; Hon. Bourke Cockran of New York; Consul-General Collins, Massachusetts, and so on through a whole army of historic personages.

The writer in the Atlantic Monthly must be fearfully and wonderfully purblind if he skipped, in his general reading, the names we have given. A man who writes on a subject on which he is not instructed writes himself down an ass. Far too many Anglo-Americans, who pride themselves on their English origin and superior intelligence, are shallow pates, filled with ineffable conceit, and, in their own minds, masters of every subject—except that on which they pretend to write.

That there are low, mercenary and corrupt men among the many Irish-Americans elected to the lower offices, THE CITIZEN will not deny, but the Yankees, the Germans and the rest have just as many black sheep in these public bodies. They are the result of the American system of bossism and machine politics, and sometimes, we will admit, the Irish improve on their instructors in pernicious political activity. The city councillors of Ireland itself are neither corrupt nor degraded. It is admitted that no municipalities are better governed than those of Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Derry, Sligo, Galway, Limerick and Waterford. The Irish municipal system is a credit to the governing genius of the Irish race. No Irish alderman could take a bribe and escape the immediate vengeance of his constituents. Who has ever heard of a "boodle" trial in the Irish cities? Municipal corruption belongs mostly to America, and is the outgrowth of the Anglo-American tendency toward political jobbery. The Irish cannot be expected to live among scabby sheep and escape the contagion. The American municipal system is at fault, not the Irish national character.

Some of the biggest rascals that have figured in public corruption in this country were Anglo-American natives of the soil. Oakes Ames, the manipulator of the Credit Mobilier scheme in congress; Schuyler Colfax, vice-president of the United States, who was so badly besmirched that he retired from public life, and many others. Even President James A. Garfield rested under the baleful shadow of the Credit Mobilier steal, and the figures "329" painted on every signboard, and chalked on every sidewalk, during the presidential campaign of 1880, made all decent Anglo-Americans blush for the weakness of the presidential timber. Oh, there are many knot holes in even the saintly Anglo-American tree of knowledge!

William M. Tweed was not an Irishman, or the son of an Irishman; but he was the most complete rascal that ever debauched a board of aldermen, or "put up a job" to beat the city finances. But why continue the list? The Atlantic Monthly malignant compels us to be brutally frank in dealing with Anglo-American villainy. We would wish to screen it if we could, for we are really ashamed of it, but since the snivelling rascals of that race, who write for the magazines and newspapers, will not let the Irish alone, we believe in making them take our medicine.

IRELAND'S TERRIBLE LOSS.

"The emigration statistics for the year 1895 show that the depopulation of Ireland is still going on at an alarming rate," says the Irish Daily Independent. "During the year 48,934 persons left Ireland, intending to permanently reside elsewhere. In 1894 the total number of emigrants was 35,959, the lowest number for any year since 1851. The increase of 12,975 in the one year is due, of course, to the fact that the state of trade in the United States, which absorbed 45,298 of the emigrants last year, recovered to some extent from the great depression which prevailed during the few preceding years. For a country like Ireland, which has a small and a steadily diminishing population, the loss of close on 50,000 men and women in one year is a matter of the utmost gravity. But it is when we consider what manner of men and women they were that the terrible nature of this continual drain can be fully realized.

"Of the emigrants who left Ireland last year 28,547, or 58.3 per cent, were between the ages of 15 and 25, while 12,954 or 26.4 per cent were between the ages of 25 and 35. In other words 41,500 emigrants out of the total number were men and women in the prime of life, all of them in sound health, as required by the United States laws, and none of them either without means or without friends to take care of them when landing in America. What is the loss of two or three millions in the shape of extra taxation robbed from us annually by England compared with this irreparable loss of the bone and sinew of our land? To make matters still worse the vast proportion of the male emigrants belong to the very class which are most needed in an agricultural country like Ireland. Of the 21,572 male emigrants, 16,586 or 76.9 per cent were returned as laborers. It is no wonder that the land is going out of cultivation, and that the agricultural industry is becoming more and more depressed when so many thousands of workers annually fly from the country of their birth.

"Looking back over the statistics of emigration since the year 1851—no returns were kept for the terrible famine years—it is simply marvelous that the country has not gone into a hopeless state of bankruptcy years ago. From May 1, 1851, to Dec. 31, 1895, the total number of natives of Ireland who left Irish ports for permanent residence elsewhere reaches the appalling total of 3,651,128! The vast bulk of these were young and vigorous men and women, who have proved their vitality and energy in every country where they found a home. They have borne their share in the hard work of their adopted lands. In the United States alone they and their descendants constitute a large proportion of the population, being estimated at 15,000,000 strong. True, the Irish emigrants have been generous in sending back money to their relatives and friends; but what they have sent is but as a drop in the ocean compared with the loss Ireland has suffered by their departure from her shores.

When we add to this destructive drain in our population the loss of two-and-a-quarter millions of money annually in the shape of over-taxation—taking the late Mr. Childers' figures—it is miraculous that we have been able as a people to keep our heads above water at all. In forty-five years we have lost 3,651,128 emigrants—valued at least at £200 apiece to their adopted country—and 101¼ millons sterling! And still the drain in human beings and money goes on! How long is it all to last? How long are what are left of us going to stand it? If this state of things is to be allowed to continue for long the dream of the Britisher will be realized and the Celt will have gone with a vengeance. Governments come and governments go; parliaments are born and parliaments die: but for poor Ireland it is all the same. Her sons are exiled; her wealth is stolen! And yet we are told to be content; and we are denounced if we protest. But these things cannot last for ever. Now more than ever it is for Irishmen a fight for their lives, and if they do not face it manfully they deserve the extinction that will be the reward of apathy and 'patience.'"

A REMARKABLE ADVERTISEMENT.

This issue of THE CITIZEN prints a remarkable advertisement from a remarkable newspaper—The Chicago Record. The Record is Chicago's leading morning newspaper in point of circulation. In fact, next to the New York World it claims the largest circulation in America—160,000 a day. It is but 15 years old, yet it has made a record of remarkable achievement within that comparatively short period. It has a way of doing new and strange things. Its latest enterprise is the institution of competition among the authors of the world for the best original stories of a type which it calls "mystery stories." A year ago it offered $30,000 in cash prizes to authors for the best stories of this kind. The award of prizes has just been made, and the publication of the first prize story, which won for its author $10,000, is announced in The Record's advertisement in this issue of THE CITIZEN. Not satisfied, however, with this unusual achievement The Record goes farther and announces that in connection with the publication of the first prize story it will distribute $10,000 in cash for the best 889 guesses as to the true explanation of the mystery of the story as disclosed in the final chapter, the publication of which will be delayed a week or ten days beyond the rest of the story to give an opportunity for readers to frame and send in their guesses to the office of the paper. But perhaps the strangest feature of this unprecedented competitive contest, both as to authors and readers, is the unique condition imposed on the guessers that "only women and girls may guess and win the prizes." We refer our readers to the advertisement in another column, which sets forth more in detail The Record's remarkable announcement. The concluding feature—that new readers from out of town may send 10 cents and get The Chicago Record 10 days on trial, is a peculiarly happy and wise conclusion to this most unusual enterprise.

It may be added that in the publication of its first series of "mystery stories," last year, The Record distributed cash prizes to the best guessers, but on a more modest scale than it now announces.

Its list of those who won and received prizes for best guesses in 1895 counts up 500 names and aggregate over $5,000. The complete list of these fortunate guessers, with their addresses, has been sent us by The Chicago Record, and it makes a truly formidable and interesting showing.

CHICAGO, through her streets and alleys, enthusiastically invites King Cholera to visit her.

THE Board of Equalization has made the people of Cook county throw up their hands. And yet Cook county is not a stage coach or an express car.

THE mistakes made by inexperienced newspaper reporters who attempt to follow public speakers are sometimes incredible. Recently a Butte, Mont., reporter made Mr. Finerty say in his report that he was born in England, and also that the French surrendered at Austerlitz! Unless Galway has recently become part of Great Britain, Mr. Finerty was born in Ireland. But the French at Austerlitz! The reporter might as well have said that the Americans surrendered at Yorktown.

CHICAGO and Cook county were never so heavily taxed, and so badly governed, as at present.

OUR public schools are not the very best in the world—notwithstanding our national conceit—as they stand, but, between the city council and the school board in Chicago, American born children will soon have to go to Ireland or to Germany to receive a decent education. Both the public bodies referred to seem to have gone suddenly crazy.

WE like England's march to the Soudan, because we feel pretty certain that the redcoats who enter that territory will not need a return ticket. Long live the Mahdi!

IT might be an "economical move" on the part of the city council and board of education to abolish the public schools altogether. If money is to be saved, at the expense of brains, there might as well be a wholesale saving. Education in the public schools, under conditions now proposed or in force, will be a snare and nullity.

TO THE ALDERMEN—Boodle less and educate more.

JOE JUDAS CHAMBERLAIN has had a dream—a dream of the Union of the different states of the British Empire for war and trade. We wonder what Mr. Chamberlain takes for his liver. He spoke his piece at the meeting of the Canadian Club in London. That club is noted for drinking an excellent brand of whiskey, called by its name. Oh, Joseph!

F. T. COLBY has resigned the colonelcy of the Seventh Regiment, I.N.G. Now, "let us have peace."

DAN LAMONT to Cleveland, as they lie in wait on a river bank for a pot shot—"They tell me, sire, that Ben Harrison won't accept the Republican nomination for president, even if they tender it to him."

Cleveland—"I hear ducks, Dan."

Bang! Bang!

IF education in the public schools is to be cut down to a grinning skeleton of knowledge, how does it happen that the householders of Chicago were taxed 33 per cent more last year than in any preceding year? Who gets the money denied for educational purposes?

JOHN BULL seems to have been "four" gathered to the Dreibund.

WHY should not the members of the board of education be elected by the people? As it is, many men are appointed on that body out of pure favoritism. Some of these have no capacity whatever for the work they are appointed to perform.

INTERNATIONAL questions are growing tame. Cleveland should go duck shooting again. The smell of "villainous saltpetre" seems to brace him up to the act of vigorous proclamation.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

How It Was Celebrated in Anaconda and Butte, Mont., and in Other Places.

Banquets, Speeches, and a General Good Time.

[*Anaconda, Mont., Standard, March 17.*]

An audience that filled every chair in the opera house, that stood along the walls, and filled all the aisles with standing men, listened to the address of Hon. John F. Finerty and the concert given by an array of musical talent which had been provided by the Irish National Alliance for the observance of St. Patrick's day. The Hibernian Knights in full dress uniform occupied front seats, the Wolfe Tone Guards under arms were there, the A.O.H. and other societies attending in force. On the stage were Mayor Thornton, Senator Matts, President J. V. Collins, Chairman J. M. Kennedy and many other prominent citizens.

As an overture the orchestra played a medley of Irish airs. The audience then joined in singing "America." A quartette composed of Messrs. Thomas, Sullivan, McGuinness and Nortman rendered the song "Arise ye Sons of Erin." Madame Beraud, always a favorite with Anaconda audiences, sang a selection of Gounod, "The Queen of Sheba," which was enthusiastically received.

Chairman Kennedy, who presided, owing to the illness of President J. V. Collins, then introduced the orator of the evening, Hon. the John F. Finerty, of Chicago, who addressed the assemblage, telling the "Story of Ireland."

Irish history from its earliest times, with its wonderful romances, the thrilling adventurers, the thousand battles, gave the eloquent speaker abundant opportunity for word painting. None of these were overlooked, and for an hour and a half the big crowd was held in interested attention. Mr. Finerty is a man of commanding presence, he is easy in manner and address, and his lecture was so connected and arranged that his hearers were as willing he should proceed with the story at the close of his remarks as they were at the beginning of them.

He recounted the triumphs of Hugh O'Neill, the trials of the nine years of warfare, and then of the death of the Irish Bruce in exile. Cromwell's bloody days of massacre and outrage, how he gave the word "No Mercy" when women and children pleaded for their lives. Men who study Cromwell, the speaker declared, usually overlooked his Irish record, or they could not hold him to be a lover of liberty. Such as he may be generals and statesmen, but never heroes, they are scoundrels.

"In the good old days," he said, "an Irish Presbyterian was an Irishman, the Scotch-Irish were not invented then. Scotland was peopled by the Celts, and some of them came back again into Ulster, they are the Scotch-Irish. They were shamrocks and turned to thistles, but they never turned back again from thistles to shamrocks, they remain thistles still. Montgomery, Wayne, Clinton, Hand, were Presbyterians. Commodore Barry and others of American history were Catholics, but they fought side by side for liberty. The line of demarkation between them was never drawn by the Catholics. They have prayed again and again to Ulster to join them in the national movement and been refused.

"Irish Presbyterian preachers and Catholic priests died in years gone by upon the same scaffold for advocating Irish liberty, and may those ties yet unite them again. Of our heroes, Wolfe Tone, Emmet, Fitzgerald and Parnell, all were Protestants; these have been leaders. It was O'Connell who said, 'Ireland takes her religion from Rome, but not her politics.' The men who have rallied will in spirit rally again. Ireland is not conquered.

"Let me tell you something to tell your English friends: Today the chief justice of England is an Irishman. They were short on law over there and did not know themselves, so an Irishman was asked to tell them; not because of his nationality, but because of his worth and learning. Lord Garnet Wolseley, commander in chief of the forces of Great Britain, was born in Dublin; General White, chief in command in India, was born in the county Antrim. Sir Michael Seymour of the Royal Squadron, the greatest of her naval commanders, is an Irishman by birth. If Irishmen devoted half the talent they have given to England to Ireland she would have been free long, long ago.

"The declaration of independence, the constitution of these United States, declare that all races and all creeds are equal. All Europe, every religion, was represented in the ranks of the army, in the councils of the men who established the republic. Catholic France sent Lafayette and others, Poland sent Kosciusko, Germany Von Steuben, Scotland Paul Jones, Republican England Horatio Gates and Thomas Paine, and now, what marplot shall divide us! The stars on that banner shine for all creeds, not one alone. No Catholic was ever a traitor to this government; Benedict Arnold was not a Catholic; the Tories were not Catholics. In spite of bigots and would-be tyrants, while that flag waves, the American Catholic will worship God according to the dictates of his conscience."

Mr. Finerty then closed his address, which had been punctuated with cheers and appreciation throughout the entire evening, amid a storm of applause. The concert programme was continued. W. E. Shandrew sang "I Cannot Say Good-Bye;" Prof. Oleson rendered a selection upon the violin; a vocal solo by Miss Katharine Finn, "The Daisy," followed; T. W. Sullivan sang a solo, "Dermot Asthore," and the evening closed by the audience singing "God Save Ireland."

The Banquet.

At the close of the lecture a company of leading citizens assembled in the Montana Hotel dining hall to honor Mr. Finerty with a complimentary dinner. To Manager Reynolds had been entrusted the details and everything was done upon a most perfect plan. The tables were arranged to form the initial F. of the guest's name. Down the centre were at intervals set drooping palms, while in and about the silver and cut glassware, wound chains of smilax. At each plate was a boutonaire. It was a brilliant spectacle. The menu was as artistic as the spread, and as it was discussed, the glasses clinked merrily, the delicacies disappeared, and then as cigars came round, the toasts were called for. Covers were laid for seventy-five guests, among whom were the leading citizens of Butte and Anaconda. The menu was as follows:

MENU.

Blue Points — Celery
Sherry

Consomme Chicken in cups aux Fontenoy

Olives — Radishes
Sliced Tomatoes

Mountain Trout, Maitre d'Hotel a la Shannon
Cucumbers — Pommes Francaise — Pontet-Canet

Fillet of Beef, Larded Sauce Mushrooms, French Peas — Pommes Croquettes
Pommery

PUNCH A LA PARNELL

Cigarettes

Broiled Teal Duck on Toast
New Asparagus — Water Cress — Mumm's

Lobster in Shell, Mayonaise
White Seal

Neapolitan Ice Cream — Assorted Cake
Water Cress — Cream Cheese
Cafe Noir — Cigars

Dr. J. F. Spelman presided as toastmaster and master of ceremonies, and as he opened the lists for speaking he made a neat and tasty little speech of compliment to the guest in whose honor the affair was given and to the array of the flower of Anaconda's citizens who had come as friends and admirers to express their pleasure in meeting him in their city. As one qualified to speak more at length on this point he introduced Mayor W. M. Thornton.

Mayor Thornton expressed his pride in welcoming the distinguished guest from the metropolis of the West to the city of Anaconda, whose future is not yet unfolded, but which is believed by us all to be the future metropolis of Montana and perhaps of the great Northwest. In this city that is but a dozen years old, a village that sprung from the ground in this valley and now numbers 1,000 souls in population for every year of its existence, we claim the palm for growth and wealth over all in the United States. Our business men know no failure; no financial panic disturbed their foundations, and today they face with the brightest anticipations a future that gives promise of surpassing the past in prosperity.

Rev. Father H. B. Allaeys spoke of "Liberty—Not License." As his text he took the Declaration of Independence, the greatest exponent of liberty the world has ever known. It declares that among the inalienable rights of man are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, such as are dear to the hearts of all men. In the Irishman there is always a buoyant spirit of life, and tonight anew is felt the enthusiasm of youth for that noble isle, surrounded as we are tonight by her eloquent and brave sons.

"In liberty we have duty, and duty's pleasures, the rights of man and the joys of conscience, restrained only so far as might conflict with the liberty of others enjoying like privileges. In license there is freedom but not liberty; license allows men to do as they please without regard to others or the effects of their deeds upon others. License is selfishness, liberty is generosity. Anarchy and crime demand license, for a price, the bigot asks for license, but the best citizenship, the truest men ask only liberty, which needs no law. Liberty as defined by the Declaration of Independence, by the fathers of the republic, is that to which man everywhere is entitled, and whenever these rights are encroached upon it is the right of that people to take such steps as will win them."

Said Col. T. O'Leary, who was next called upon to respond to the toast, "Our Citizen From Ireland": "As I understand this toast, it means I shall say something about those men who have adopted this country or been adopted by it and have made it their homes. Some of them aided materially in making possible a United States and in maintaining the nation afterward. First we know of Capt. Jerry O'Brien and his brothers, who struck one of the first blows for liberty in capturing the English sloop of war Princeton in Machias bay. The arms and ammunition they captured there were used by Maj. McLaughlin and Gen. Warren in the battle of Bunker Hill. There it was that Warren fell—an Irish patriot. Foremost in citizenship were the Irish militia officers of North Carolina who, at Mecklenburg, in June, 1775, framed and passed the first American declaration of independence. The Pennsylvania Irish brigade, under the command of General Anthony Wayne, won their citizenship in the battles of the revolution. General Stephen Moylan and his dragoons, the Montgomerys, the Sullivans, the Clintons, earned theirs in the same great war."

Responses were also made by Dr. J. T. McKenzie, Senator Matts, J. M. Kennedy, the editor of the Anaconda Standard and others.

IN BUTTE.

(*From the Butte Miner, March 18.*)

Honor and glory to the memory of St. Patrick, which seemed to be the instinctive purpose of yesterday, was symbolized with unusual pomp by the Irish-American citizens of Butte. Each of the features of the celebration was happily conducted. The weather was perfect and the city overflowing with visitors, many of whom came over from Anaconda by the morning train. The most impressionable aspect of the festivity was the general good will, which was sprinkled so generously throughout the

whole affair. Procession, oration and ball partook of these characteristics to the degree that those in charge of the proceedings have reason to be congratulated. In appearance the city was decked as for a holiday, and even though not of national significance, business became a matter of small consideration. Green was the dominant color and with the prevailing sentiment of the hour.

It was 1:30 o'clock before the parade started from Centerville and first made its appearance in the centre of the city at the intersection of Montana street and West Broadway. The column was the longest that has passed through the streets of Butte for some time, and as a semi-military display it was a most creditable turnout. The line of march was from Centerville to Walkerville, to Montana, to Broadway, to Main, to Park and thence to the point of disbandment at St. Patrick's church. In line were the Butte and Boston bands, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Thomas Francis Meagher Guards, Hibernian Knights, Wolfe Tone Guards, the cadets of the parochial school and the Daughters of Erin. The last division attracted admiration for the idea carried into effect by nearly fifty rosy-cheeked girls dressed in white and green, who were drawn in floats. The cheers of the spectators along the course of the procession enlivened the scene.

After the parade rest was ordered at St. Patrick's church, the crowd soon filling the building, to listen to the oration of the Rev. Father De Siere upon the meaning of the day and the character of the patron saint. His remarks were chiefly to show the influence if the teachings and life of St. Patrick upon the national character of Ireland. At the conclusion of the address there was a rush for the opera house to hear the oration of the day delivered by the Hon. John F. Finerty of Chicago.

At 3 o'clock p.m. the Maguire's Opera House was filled with persons of all nationalities. Every eye was expectantly bent upon the drop curtain which concealed the stage from view. The Butte and Boston Band played an Irish medley and when the curtain arose, the audience burst forth into a shout of welcome at the picture which was presented. On the platform were massed some of the prominent Irish-Americans of the city, and just back of them the brilliant uniforms of the Thomas Francis Meagher Guards and the Hibernian Knights. Among those occupying seats in the first row were the Hon. John F. Finerty, John Caplice, Geoffry Lavelle, John Maguire, J. M. Quinn, Patrick Bolan, P. J. Brophy, Justin Butler, Emmet Callahan, Patrick Conlon, W. H. Hendry, Father De Siere, Father Batens and Father Lambert.

J. J. O'Meara made a few introductory remarks upon the nature of the gathering and then announced that the speaker of the occasion would be preceded by a short programme, the first number of which was a vocal favor from Justin H. Butler. After pleasing the audience with "The Minstrel Boy," he responded to an encore with "Moonlight on Killarney." Probably the greatest surprise came when John Maguire stepped from the wings with a bunch of shamrocks in one hand in response to the statement of Mr. O'Meara that "our talented townsman and everybody's friend would give a recitation." The welcome which greeted Mr. Maguire was so spontaneous and prolonged that it was several minutes before he could preface what he intended to do. He explained that his selection was by Michael Scanlan, and it was supposed to be an address to Columbia by an Irish-American soldier on St. Patrick's morning, who bore in his hand a bunch of shamrocks. Mr. Maguire's effort was rendered with great spirit and dramatic force, being frequently interrupted by shouts of approval as the old actor rung particular emphasis along the strongest lines.

Miss Katherine Finn then sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" to breathless silence. Her tones easily reached every part of the house and brought out another demonstration. As an encore she gave that popular old ballad: "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Then the supreme moment came. Mr. O'Meara said it was hardly necessary for him to dilate upon the name of the orator who would next address them. He then introduced the Hon. John F. Finerty, of Chicago. The announcement of his name was followed by a storm of applause which made the building tremble. The speaker stood quietly by the little reading desk until the tumult subsided, his imposing form in graceful repose while the large dark eyes flashed fire. Just a few moments previous he had asked whether any special subject had been assigned him for he was prepared with no speech. Now he seemed eager to repay the hearty reception. When the noise had fallen into nothing but ripples of excitement the vibrant tones began to roll and continued with many a musical cadence for over two hours. During this period the audience was completely subjected to the magic of his presence, the dramatic force of his gesturing and beauty of his diction. The fires of a thousand unfought battles seemed to shine from the flashing eyes as he painted one of the most polished and graphic pictures of a battle that has ever been uttered by any public speaker. This discription of the battle of Fontenoy was so full of majestic thunder, the dash of the living and the wails of the dying and so rapidly delivered that it was impossible to secure a verbatim report of the language. He used neither manuscript nor notes, and, with the exception of the Fontenoy passage, his address was entirely different from that delivered in Anaconda.

In Savannah, Ga.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with unusual eclat in Savannah, Ga., on March 17. There was a fine parade of the crack Irish-American military company, the Jasper Greens, commanded by Capt. Flannery and Lieuts. Gleason and Leonard. The Ancient Order of Hibernians also paraded in fine form, led by their National President, the Hon. P. J. O'Connor. At the banquet of the Order in the evening the following programme was presented and carried out: "The Day We Celebrate," response by P. J. O'Connor. Music. Song. F. J. Garvey. "Civil and Religious Liberty," response by M. A. Connolly. Music. Song, J. H. Heagarty. Recitation, Preston Herbert. "Woman," response by W. P. Dowling. Music. Song. W. J. Price. "Ireland," response by T. B. Catherwood. Song, E. A. Leonard.

The eighty-fourth anniversary meeting of the Hibernian society of Savannah was held at the Guards' armory at 11 o'clock a. m. March 17. As usual, it was largely attended. Messrs. A. R. Lawton, Jr., L. A. McCarthy, Lawrence Kelly, John J. Kirby, John F. Canty, H. M. Branch, W. E. Kay, of Brunswick, John McLaughlin, Michael Lyons and Henry Blun were elected members of the society. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, P. W. Meldrim; Vice-President, John R. Dillon; Secretary, Charles F. Prendergast; Assistant Secretary, John M. Hogan; Treasurer, J. F. Brooks; Marshal, John T. Ronan; Standard-Bearer, E. J. Kelly. President Meldrim addressed the society felicitously, congratulating it upon its substantial condition and upon the many evidences of its solid progress. A banquet was given by the society in the evening, at which many brilliant speeches were made.

In St. Louis, Mo.

The Knights of St. Patrick, of St. Louis, Mo., had a splendid celebration at the Planters' hotel on the evening of March 17. President Lawrence Harrigan occupied the chair. Benediction was pronounced by the Most Rev. Archbishop Kain, and toasts were responded to by the Archbishop, Gov. Stone, Hon. A. L. Morrison, of Santa Fe, N. M., Hon. Jesse A. McDonald and other distinguished gentlemen. Archbishop Kain and Judge Morrison were elected honorary members of the Knights of St. Patrick at the conclusion of the banquet. THE CITIZEN hopes to be able to reproduce some of the salient points of the eloquent speeches delivered at the banquet in its next issue.

THE GREEN AND GOLD.

BY MRS. MARY FORD ("UNA.")

The following spirited song has been set to music by Prof. Francis N. Crouch, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and was sung for the first time in public by Mr. M. J. Murphy at the Emmet celebration in New York City:

Who quails at the frown of power?
Who talks of a homeless land?
There's hope for the daring ever,
And strength for the willing hand;
There's light in our grand old banner,
And glory in every fold;
Then down with the might of tyrants
And up with the Green and Gold.

The scorn of the stronger nations,
You've long in the dust been trod;
You've bent to the lash with patience,
And looked through your tears to God,
You whine to the Lord of armies,
Who smiles on the brave and bold,
But strike and His strength will aid you
To raise up the Green and Gold.

Work, work for the days are fleeting,
E'en now may your chance be nigh.
And, oh! if your hands are folded,
How swiftly the time will fly,
The wreath of the victor never,
Was seized by the dull or cold.
'Tis cesseless and strong endeavor
Must raise up the Green and Gold.

Up, up for the grand old Island!
On, on with the world advance!
Dash into the sea her fetters:
She'll leap from the deathlike trance.
Bring light to the homes long dreary,
And hope to the hearts now cold.
Then down with the might of tyrants,
And up with the Green and Gold.

You sleep while the lands are waking,
And stand while they're marching on.
You dream while they forge their armor,
And stoop while the rights are won.
Success is the meed of labor,
And grasped by the true and bold,
Then toil for the fall of tyrants,
The rise of the Green and Gold.

Oh men! if your hearts are earnest
And true as your hands are strong,
Ring out to the world around you
The knell of the reign of wrong.
Brave bells are the flame tongued cannons,
On them let that knell be tolled.
Down, down with the night of tyrants,
And up with the Green and Gold.

"WHERE HABANAS COME FROM."

[*To the Editor.*]

In your issue of Feb. 29 there appeared an article, copied from the London Answers, entitled "Where Habanas Come From," which is certainly misleading, to say the least. The London paper states that out of every twenty-four boxes in any British cigar store thirteen of them come from the United States, and those thirteen are sold as genuine Cuban cigars. Now this is not true, as I can prove by figures, and United States export figures do not lie. The English editor further states, to use his own words: "You see, the Americans cover their Virginia, Ohio and Maryland tobaccos with genuine Havana wrappers and sell them (the cigars) here as "Habanas." This is not only misleading but a downright falsehood, and I hasten to correct the gentleman in question:

First—Now, according to Cuban statistics, England receives annually from Cuba over 70,000,000 of Habana cigars, many of which, no doubt, are re-shipped to English colonies, whereas England only receives on an average 700,000 American cigars each year, according to United States customs returns.

Second—According to the English laws (the Merchandise act), cigars and other articles of merchandise must bear the name of the country of origin, and this settles the fact that it is impossible for retail cigar dealers over there to substitute, as he would make us believe, bogus American Havanas for the genuine article.

Third—There are five cigars, manufactured in the Phillipine Islands, British India Coolie factories, sold in England to every one from the United States, and further, let me add, and this is where this English article does most harm, that the United States cigar factories which export American-made cigars do not cover their Maryland or Ohio fillers with Havana wrappers.

From personal investigation in England during the spring of 1894, I did not find one single American-made cigar that was not sold strictly on its merits, either as a genuine American-made Havana cigar or as an American-made seed and Havana cigar. In conclusion allow me to state that American-made cigars hold their own with cigars made in any part of the world, not even excepting Cuba itself, and it may be of interest to your readers to know that Chicago leads the world as a distributing point for cigars. This may be news for some people, but it is nevertheless an acknowledged fact.

J. M. CRENNAN.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Emmet Council.

Next Sunday, March 29, at 2:30 p.m., the Irish-Americans of the South Side will assemble in Styx's Hall (formerly Liberty Hall), Thirtieth street and Union avenue, and make an emphatic protest against the government of Ireland by England. The object of the meeting is to explain the working of the Irish National Alliance, and to increase the membership of the Robert Emmet Council. Among the speakers will be Rev. D. J. Crimmins, Mr. John T. Keating, Capt. J. P. Coan, and Mr. John P. McGoorty. All friends of Ireland and of the Irish race, and all lovers of liberty, are invited to attend. P. F. HOLDEN, Sec.

Parnell Council.

Since the inception of the Irish National Alliance in this city last September, no such enthusiastic meeting has been held as that which took place last Sunday week under the auspices of the Parnell Council. Eloquent addresses were delivered by the Rev. E. A. Kelly, and Messrs. Daniel O'Connor, John T. Keating, John P. McGoorty, and P. F. Holden. Corcoran's Hall, Forty-seventh street and Princeton avenue, was filled to its utmost capacity, and a large number of new members were admitted at the close of the meeting. Mr. P. J. Reynolds the worthy president of the Parnell Council, is to be congratulated on his success.

Monroe Council.

A most successful meeting was held at 4746 Ashland avenue, last Saturday evening, to establish a council of the Irish National Alliance in the district. A charter had been obtained some time ago, and the council has been named the Monroe Council No. 20. There was a good attendance of enthusiastic and well known Irishmen, in whose hands it is hoped a first-class council will be organized. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, James A. Flanagan; vice-president, Thomas McMahon; secretary, J. McGuire; treasurer, W. O'Shea. Mr. John J. McGinty, of the A.O.H., deserves special praise for his exertions in behalf of this new council, as he is always foremost in supporting the cause of Ireland. A deputation waited on Father Hayes, and he kindly placed the parish hall, Forty-eighth street and Ashland avenue, at the disposal of the council for a public meeting, which will be held on the third Sunday of April, at 2:30 p.m. Prominent speakers will address the meeting.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

GAELIC POETRY.

Bean an d-tri m-bo.

(The Woman of Three Cows.)

This is the original of James Clarence Mangan's "Woman of Three Cows," which is well known to readers of Irish ballad poetry:

Go réidh, a bhean na d-tri m-bó!
As do bhólacht ná bí teann;
Do chonnaire meise, gan gó,
Bean a's bá dhá mhó, a bhean.

Ní mhaireann saidhbhreas do ghnáth,
Do neach ná tabhair táir go mór;
Chugad an t-Eug air gach taobh,—
Go réidh, a bhean na d-tri m-bó!

Sliocht Eoghain Mhóir 'sa Múmhain,
A n-imtheacht do ghni cló dhóibh,
A seolta gur leagadar síos,—
Go réidh, a bhean na d-tri m-bó.

Clann gaisge thighearna an Chláir,
A n-imtheacht sin ba lá leoin;
'S gan sdil re n-a d-teacht go bráth,—
Go réidh, a bhean na d-tri m-bó!

Dómhnall ó Dhún-baoi na long
Ua Sdilleabháin nár thaomh glór;
Feuch gur thuit 'san Spáin re cloidheamh,
Go réidh, a bhean na d-tri m-bó!

Siol g-Cearbhaill do bhi teann
Le m-beirtí gach geall i n-gleo;
Ní mhaireann aon diobh, mo dhith,—
Go réidh, a bhean na d-tri m-bó!

O aon bhoin amháin de bhreis
Air mhnaoi eile, a's sí a dó,
Do rinnisi iomarca aréir,—
Go réidh, a bhean na d-tri m-bó!

An Ceangal:

Biodh air m-fhallaing, a ainnir is uaibhreach gnáis,
Do bhios gan dearmad seasmhach buan 'sa tuidhi:
Trid an rachmuis do ghlacais ré d'bhualbh air d-tás,
Dá bh-faghainn-se sealbh a cesthair do bhuaillinn thú!

JOHN BULL, it would seem, proposes to recognize Cuba. The Cubans had better look out for their alleged new friend. Mr. Bull never does anything without reward, or hope of reward.

$10,000 FOR Women

$1,000 for the one who guesses best!

A YEAR AGO *The Chicago Record* offered $30,000 in cash prizes to authors for the best "stories of mystery." The stories were so called because it was required that a mystery should run through the entire story and be disclosed only in the last chapter, the purpose being to give CASH PRIZES to those readers of *The Chicago Record* who should be able to solve the mystery, or come nearest to a correct solution of it, IN ADVANCE of the publication of the last chapter in the paper.

The award of authors' prizes has just been made. Stories from all parts of the English-speaking world, to the number of 816, were entered in the competition. Twelve cash prizes were offered for the twelve best stories. The first prize was $10,000, and was won by Harry Stillwell Edwards, of Macon, Ga. His story is entitled:

"Sons and Fathers"

AND ITS PUBLICATION BEGAN IN THE CHICAGO RECORD ON MARCH 23. It will continue about thirty days, until completed. "SONS AND FATHERS" is, beyond all question, the GREATEST STORY OF THE YEAR. There will be an interval of a week or more between the publication of the last installment containing the explanation of the mystery and the immediately preceding chapter, during which period the guesses will be received by THE RECORD.

To still further promote popular interest in this remarkable story, THE CHICAGO RECORD offers $10,000 in 889 cash prizes for the 889 guesses which shall come the nearest to being a true and complete solution of the mystery in the story.

THE $10,000 IS DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS:

To the reader from whom THE RECORD receives the most complete and correct solution in all its details of the entire mystery of the story, as it shall be disclosed in the last chapter when published	$1,000
For the second best solution	500
For the third best solution	300
For the fourth best solution	200
For the next 5 nearest best solutions—$100 each	500
For the next 10 nearest best solutions—$50 each	500
For the next 20 nearest best solutions—$25 each	500
For the next 50 nearest best solutions—$20 each	1,000
For the next 300 nearest best solutions—$10 each	3,000
For the next 500 nearest best solutions—$5 each	2,500
In all 889 prizes, amounting to	$10,000

FULL PARTICULARS as to the details of the conditions governing the awarding of these prizes will be published in THE CHICAGO RECORD. The principal rules are as follows:

1.—But one solution can be entered by a reader. It is immaterial whether the reader subscribes for the paper direct to the office of publication, or whether it is bought from the local newsdealer. The contest is open, under the specified conditions, to all who read the paper.

2.—The explanation of the mystery may be made in the reader's own words, in the English language, and without any attempt at "fine writing," simply giving as many of the facts that go to make a "complete and absolutely correct solution of the entire mystery" as the reader may be able to discover.

3.—The $10,000 will be awarded, under the conditions announced, according to the best judgment of the judges appointed by THE CHICAGO RECORD, and they will have complete power and final decision, beyond any appeal, in all matters relating to this unique contest.

And last, but not least,

ONLY WOMEN AND GIRLS MAY GUESS.

THE CHICAGO RECORD is pre-eminently a family newspaper, and its daily installment of a high-grade serial story is a feature intended to specially commend it to the home circle. To emphasize—and advertise—the fact that THE CHICAGO RECORD is a newspaper peculiarly suitable for woman's reading, the further condition is made that the $10,000 in prizes shall be paid only for explanations or guesses sent in by women and girls. All may read, but only women and girls may guess.

OUT-OF-TOWN READERS
SEND
TEN CENTS
AND
GET
THE CHICAGO
RECORD
TEN DAYS

Every Newspaper Carrier, Newsboy and Newsdealer in Chicago delivers or sells THE RECORD. Orders for delivery by carrier may be made by postal card or telephone to the office of THE RECORD, 181 Madison Street.

A Special Offer to Out-of-Town Readers;

To meet the needs of out-of-town readers who may not be familiar with the character of THE CHICAGO RECORD, and may, therefore, not wish to commit themselves to a full-term subscription in advance of an acquaintance with it, the following special offer is made:

THE RECORD will be sent to any address out-of-town, postpaid, for ten days, for ten cents, in coin or postage stamps. The story begins March 23, and all chapters printed in the THE RECORD before receipt of out-of-town subscriptions will be furnished in a supplement sheet, free of charge, so that new subscribers will get the whole story. Subscriptions should be sent at once. No ten-cent subscriptions will be received after April 10. The regular rates of subscription are: One month, 50 cts; three months, $1.25; six months, $2.00; one year, $4.00.

THE CHICAGO RECORD is Chicago's leading morning daily. In fact, with a single exception, it has the largest morning circulation in America—160,000 a day. It is a member of The Associated Press and "prints all the news from all the world." It is independent in politics and gives all political news with judicial impartiality, free from the taint of partisanship. It is Chicago's family newspaper. Prof. J. T. Hatfield, of the Northwestern University, writing to the Evanston [Ill.] Index, says: "I have come to the firm conclusion, after a long test, and after a wide comparison with the journals of many states and countries, that THE CHICAGO RECORD comes as near being the ideal daily journal as we are for some time likely to find on these mortal shores." The journalists' class paper, published in New York, called "Newspaperdom," says: "There is no paper published in America that so nearly approaches the true journalistic ideal as The Chicago Record."

Victor F. Lawson, Publisher The Chicago Record, 181 Madison St., Chicago.

Two Heads are better than One

—but three or four are better still. Let ALL the family join in the search for the explanation of the mystery in "Sons and Fathers," but remember "ONLY WOMEN AND GIRLS MAY GUESS" —and win the 889 PRIZES.

The Cunard Royal Mail Steamer "CAMPANIA," sister ship to the "LUCANIA," 12,950 Tons, 30,000 Horse-power, embarking Passengers at the Riverside Station, Prince's Landing Stage, Liverpool. Within 4¼ HOURS from Euston Station, London, and 5 DAYS 23 HOURS from New York Wharf.

New Money-Making Invention.

DEAR READER: I met a friend selling a new case for attaching photographs to tombstones so they are imperishable and last forever. Being out of employment, I ordered two dozen from the World Mfg. Co., Columbus, O., who manufacture many good selling articles for agents. I sold twelve the first day, profit $18. Every family has photographs. Anyone can put one on the monument in five minutes. The case is elegant, made of aluminum, the new metal. Every family is glad of a chance to buy. They are beautiful, and yet so cheap. I made $67 in one week, $186 last month. You can do same by writing. C. B. SNOW.

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

35 1-2 Hours From Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman perfected safety vestibuled, open and compartment sleepers, including drawing-room and buffet sleepers, as well as comforable day coaches, with Monon celebrated high-back seats. This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:32 p.m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning at 7:30; Chattanooga, 5:50 p. m.; Atlanta, 10:40 p.m.; reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida. FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. City ticket office, 232 S. Clark street. For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The Cunard Line.

The Lucania arrived at Queenstown March 20, at 2 a.m.

The Campania arrived at New York March 21, at 8:30 a.m.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of SIX CENTS PER LOAF.

DAVID SULLIVAN, MASTER, SUPERIOR COURT, 522 REAPER BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. In Chancery. Lafayette Hopkins and Andrew Deming, Trustees, vs. John C. Hoffmann, John H. C. Hoffmann and Sophia M. E. Hoffmann. No 170,048.

Public Notice is hereby given, that, in pursuance of a decree made and entered by said court, in the above-entitled cause, on the 11th day of March, A. D. 1896, I, David Sullivan, Master in Chancery of the said Superior Court of Cook County, will, on Monday, the 13th day of April, A. D. 1896, at the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon, at the Judicial Salesrooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all and singular, the following described premises and real estate in said decree mentioned, situate in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, or so much thereof as shall be sufficient to satisfy said decree, to-wit: Lots Twenty-six (26) and Twenty-seven (27), in Block Twenty-five (25), in Crosby and others' Subdivision of the East half (E. ½), of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼), of Section Twenty-five (25), Township Forty (40) North, Range Thirteen (13), East of the Third Principal Meridian.

Dated Chicago, Illinois, March 16, A.D. 1896.

DAVID SULLIVAN,
Master in Chancery of Superior Court of Cook County.
S. A. Reynolds, Complainants' Solicitor.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
916 OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

ESTATE OF MARGARET KILVERY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Kilvery, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1896, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 18, 1896.

JOSEPH FITZSIMMONS,
Administrator with will annexed.
[a n e e n] Mitchell, Attorney.

TWO COINCIDENCES.

MIGHT HAVE FURNISHED FOOD FOR THE WILDEST CREDULITY.

Mr. Clinton Was Naturally Astonished at What the Doctor's Servant Told Him. How a Baltimore Man Recovered Family Plate Stolen Years Before.

Here are two veritable coincidences related at a Boston dinner table erstwhile. Both might have been based upon any kind of uncanny, fateful manipulation of circumstances, seemingly impossible in the natural order, had they been introduced by any such motive. They are simply rare and curious sequences of facts, true in everything but names of persons.

Mr. Clinton lived in Dorchester, where he had a large establishment. One night his child's nurse was taken suddenly ill with a kind of spasm. The woman's services to the infant had been invaluable, and her faithfulness had won her the respect and affection of her master. As the coachman happened to be away that evening and the necessity for the services of a physician was urgent, Mr. Clinton saddled his horse and rode hastily into town and was very soon ringing at the door of the family doctor, in Boylston street. His inquiry of the servant maid who opened it if the doctor was at home was met by a reply which stupefied him for a moment, so that he fell back against the wall of the passage and forgot the exigency of his errand.

"Dr. J. is out," said the girl. "Mr. Clinton, a patient of his, came in on horseback an hour ago, and asked him to come out of town to see a nurse in his family who was in convulsions." Recovering from the shock of an apparent doppelgauger thus forced upon his conception, questioning elicited the fact that the second patient, bearing his own name, lived in Charlestown. In all other things the circumstances concerning two persons of the same patronymic was identical. The hour, the illness, the vocation of the sufferer, the arrival on horseback, were accidental coincidences which led nowhere and meant nothing, though they might, with stimulating attributes, have furnished food for the wildest credulity.

A member of the B. family of Baltimore was sent for one evening to see a convict who had expressed such an urgent desire for the interview that the jailer acceded to his request to send the message, which conveyed the singular intimation that it might be much to the gentleman's advantage if he would come to the prison. He found an evil looking fellow who, having just received a long sentence, which would in all probability be a life one, had been moved by remorse to communicate to Mr. B. certain facts in connection with a robbery of his family plate in which he said he had been concerned several years before. The robber told his astonished hearer, who had long given up any hope of detecting the criminal or recovering the property, that he and another were concerned in the crime. The silver had been placed in a bundle which was in his possession. His confederate was to meet him at an agreed place on the night following the burglary and they were then to make off together, but if he failed to keep the appointment it was a signal of danger, and the fellow who had the "swag" was to understand that he had better get it out of his hands without delay and secure his own safety. The appointment was not kept, and the thief, desiring to make an effort at restitution, however unlikely, had sent for Mr. B. to tell him that he had thrown the package over the wall of a certain graveyard which he described, and that it had fallen within the door of a tomb which was standing open and of which he indicated the position.

Expressing suitable recognition of the intentions of the repentant criminal, Mr. B. left him, scarcely intending to pursue the matter further. The next morning, however, found him at the door of the sexton in charge of the burying place. The sexton, on hearing the description of the tomb, showed at first some confusion, which Mr. B. understood when he was reminded that the tomb described was his own family vault, and the sexton, who had at once remembered a gross carelessness of his own, went on to recall the fact that the time was that of the death and burial of a cousin of the family, and to acknowledge that he had never forgotten or forgiven himself the accidental leaving of the door of the tomb open the night following the funeral. The two repaired to the tomb and found the package inclosed within it, the silver tarnished, but untouched, just as the thief had cast the family plate, by an unequaled coincidence, into the family burial place of its owners.—Boston Transcript.

A Novel Will.

There has been unearthed among a bundle of old court documents at Baltimore the following unique will, executed by Mrs. Anna E. Kuhn years ago. It reads as follows: "This, my last will and testament, I bequeath all my jewelry to Kate, my old clothes to Anna, my books to Frank, my good wishes to Herman and Philip, and request that they go to church at least six times a year, and a sweet memory of myself to my loving better half, and also my inheritance from my father to go to Anna and Kate jointly. My last wish. Anna E. Kuhn."

Likely to Pay an Account.

Hicks—I'm in hard luck.

Wicks—How so?

Hicks—Why, here's a money order that I've just got for $20, and the only man in town that can identify me to the money order clerk is one that I owe $30 to.—Somerville Journal.

The first trapdoor was made by a species of African spider which has its nest in the ground, and closes the entrance by means of a trapdoor opening outwardly and covered with bits of earth and grass in order to escape observation.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

"THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous mediæval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc., made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.00 each, club subscriptions (not less than five members) $1.50 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

93 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

A GOPHER AS A HYPNOTIST.

Held by Its Glittering Eye, a Rabbit Awaited Certain Death.

A gopher snake at Escondido has been the cause of much earnest discussion among local naturalists recently. The question discussed was, "Do Snakes Charm or Hypnotize Their Prey?" One of the naturalists had the unusual but fortunate experience at Escondido of happening upon a large gopher snake just as the reptile was about to overcome a trembling cottontail rabbit and envelop the animal in its deadly coils. For some time the naturalist watched the snake's movements.

It was within 10 or 12 inches of the apparently fascinated rabbit. Silently and almost imperceptibly the snake had wormed its way nearer and nearer to its victim. Its eyes glistened with an intense brightness. Not a movement did it make which might alarm the timid rabbit. The forked tongue, which to the eye of a human being is so repulsive and intended to be terrifying, appeared to exert an entirely different influence upon the mind of the innocent rabbit.

This darting tongue either excited the victim's curiosity or caused the animal to so concentrate its mind on the snake's tongue as to throw that mind into a hypnotic condition of such strength that it could not break the spell and run away from impending death. The forked tongue darted out of the snake's mouth almost as regularly and rapidly as the needle of a sewing machine rises and falls in the cloth. The lithe body crept nearer and nearer. The rabbit was motionless. Its eye was fixed on the piercing eye of the snake. Even the waving of the wind kissed shrubs about the rabbit failed to break the spell, and softly and slowly grim death in snake form wreathed its folds about the creature. Then was the spell broken.

To the naturalist who watched the capture of the rabbit it appeared as if the snake had certainly fascinated the animal. As a gopher snake is not poisonous and has no well developed fangs, its only means of killing prey is by constriction. In order to catch an animal it seems almost necessary for the snake to fascinate the victim.—Washington Post.

HE HESITATED.

But the Lover Discovered That His Objection Was a Mistaken One.

The doting father was reflective.

"You will find Mabel a splendid housekeeper," he said at last.

The lover's face was blanched.

"I—I had not heard of her accomplishments in that direction," he said hesitatingly.

"Then it must come to you in the nature of a glorious surprise," returned her father, "for I assure you there is no more careful housekeeper in the city."

"I presume," faltered the young man, "that she takes a very pardonable pride in her ability in that line."

"Of course, of course. She is naturally proud of her economical management of a household."

The young man groaned.

"I never knew but one woman who was considered a really first class housekeeper," he said, "and I had hoped that Mabel would have none of those traits. I do not like to eat up to an average."

"Eat up to an average!" exclaimed the old man.

"Yes. According to my understanding of the subject, a good housekeeper is one who allows no waste. She studies your hunger and your capacity for about a week, strikes an average and then insists that you must eat up to it ever after. If you don't eat enough, she grumbles about the waste, and if you eat too much somebody will find a shortage, and she will call your attention to the fact that you were far below the average the day before and caused considerable waste."

"I see your point," returned the old man, "but you misunderstand me. I said she was a good housekeeper, not a good boarding house keeper."—Chicago Post.

Goes to Church Once a Year.

Of all Catholic sovereigns King Leopold of Belgium is assuredly the least devout. He goes to church and attends divine service only once a year—that is, on his namesday. A special service is performed in honor of the event at the ancient cathedral of Ste. Gudule, which everybody belonging to the male sex attends in full uniform. The king is received in grand ecclesiastical state by the prelates of the kingdom and by the clergy of the basilica at the main entrance, and marches in procession up the central aisle under a magnificent canopy to his seat within the chancel rails. He carries in his hand a gorgeously bound mass book, which he peruses with an appearance of devotion throughout the ceremony, and which on his return to the palace at Lacken is locked up once more out of sight until the recurrence of St. Leopold's day 12 months later.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Misapprehension.

"Isn't it astonishing how cheap matches are made nowadays?" asked the statistical passenger.

"Eef you mean to insult me, sare," said the foreign looking passenger, "here is my carte. I hold myself, sare, at no less than one million of your American dollars!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Eyeless Worms.

Worms that have no eyes are believed to gain information of the presence of light from some other sense than that of sight. Light is always dangerous to an earthworm, and when taken from the earth and placed in the light a worm will always exhibit uneasiness and make an effort to conceal itself.

The drag used for recovering bodies from the bottoms of ponds or streams is modeled after the well known grapple plant, a thorny bush common in South America and Africa.

The orchids are true parasites, growing on other plants and drawing their substance from them and from the air.

ELECTRICITY IN THE EARTH.

Is It the Awful Force That Will Finally Destroy the World?

"Take a spade, turn up a small quantity of soil, hold a portion in your hand, hold it to your ear, then smell it. You will observe first a slight motion, hear a faint sound as of the moving of distant timber, and readily notice the odor of heat. Do you know that the forces held in your hand are from electricity; that the earth for three feet deep is alive with the invisible power and forms the secret of vegetable life? Waves of electricity are constantly passing through the soil in unseen billows, thus keeping the soil from souring, as the billows of the ocean keep the waters from becoming stagnant. To demonstrate this fact, go to some rock bound pool, dip out a small quantity of the polluted water, place it in a bottle, cork and set aside in a warm place for a short time. Then take the bottle into a dark room, shake the bottle, draw out the cork, and you will see tiny forks of blue lightning shoot out from the bottle, and if you keep perfectly quiet you will hear faint mutterings like thunder. This comes from the flintlike rocks preventing the unbroken flow of electricity through the soil and from the air becoming charged and emptying itself into the water.

"Electricity, as is being gradually shown, is fire—the fire of friction, if you will, the first known by the inhabitants of our globe. Look at an arc lamp and see its combined sparks as they emit from the carbons so swiftly that they are taken for a regular flame of eye bedazzling light. In the ages to come the charge of electricity will keep on accumulating until some commotion of the earth will cause it to ignite, when, in the twinkling of an eye, our world, with all it contains, will be enwrapped and consumed by a conflagration that will startle if not frighten the inhabitants of other planets as they look down upon the flaming mass and see burn up one of the greatest works of the Almighty's creation." — Philadelphia Times.

CREDITED MISS ROCKEFELLER.

She Couldn't Quite Understand Why the Shopman Was So Gracious.

A pretty story is told of Mrs. Harold McCormick while she was Miss Edith Rockefeller, showing the simple manner in which she regarded her father's great wealth.

The incident occurred when she was a pupil at one of the fashionable New York schools. She, with a party of girls from her class, presented herself at a certain furniture dealer's to choose a gift for a favorite teacher. The price of the pretty writing desk, however, was more than the sum in their possession. The girls suggested that if the desk was sent they would forward the balance as soon as possible.

The proprietor very politely, but also very decidedly, informed the girls that he could not do as they asked. "But," he said, "if you can think of any New York business man with whom any of your fathers are acquainted and who will vouch for you the matter may possibly be arranged."

"Why," said the daughter of the great petroleum magnate, "I think my papa has an office down on Broadway. Possibly we can get the money there."

"Who is your father?" queried the dealer.

"His name is Rockefeller," replied the girl simply; "John D. Rockefeller. He is in the oil business."

The merchant gasped and looked at the girl is amazement. "John D. Rockefeller your father? Is John D. Rockefeller good for $25?" he repeated in excitement.

Then he recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to order the desk packed up and sent immediately, while Miss Edith, very much astonished at his unwonted excitement, thanked him with pretty and simple grace.—Philadelphia Press.

The Lord Mayor's Costumes.

London's lord mayor has to put on three suits of clothes on taking office. He wears a wide sleeved, velvet faced, fur trimmed robe of purple silk rep on presenting himself to the lord chancellor at Westminster; this he uses afterward as a police magistrate. For his show he wears a robe of superfine scarlet broadcloth, faced with sable fur and lined with pearl satin; this he must wear when greeting the judges at the Old Bailey and on All Saints' days. The dress for evening and formal receptions is a black damask satin robe, embroidered with silver gilt. Under these he wears a velvet coat and knee breeches. The robes are purquisites of the office and cost $1,000. The chain of the office has on it diamonds worth $600,000, and each lord mayor must give bonds for its safe return on receiving it. When the queen passes through the city, a fourth robe is necessary; but, as that seldom happens, it is bought only when the occasion arises.

The Gate Where "Poor Joe" Died.

"Tom All Alone's," the dismal graveyard in Russell court, Drury lane, immortalized by Dickens in the Poor Joe episode of "Bleak House," is now almost an open space, owing to the extensive demolitions in the neighborhood. The old dismal passage and steps have gone, and the yard is paved and laid out as a poor children's gymnasium, but the sullen looking gate with the rust eaten bars still remains, and is, like the space, in the custody of the London common council. — London News.

Why He Didn't Take His Wife to Ride.

A professor of mathematics in an eastern college is so completely absorbed in his profession that he is becoming more and more absentminded every day. Not long ago he said to one of the students, "You see, I wanted to take my wife out for a drive and give her some fresh air, but when I came to make preparations I suddenly remembered that I never had a wife."—Golden Days.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p.m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathel's hall, Canalport and Union-ave.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 939 S. Ashland-av.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, Mat Corcoran, 3827 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month at S. W. corner of Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5818 Justine st.
Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 311 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, James Meeney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Sunday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhofen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4527 Dryer street.
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 502 Twenty-sixth st.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2991 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.

DIVISION 22.

President, James Noonan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice President, J. S. Carrier.
Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, P. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Close.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1068 S. Robey st.
Financial Secretary, Terence Collins.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p.m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garritty.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keys, 2393-116th st., Kensington.
Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 113th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av, 7:30 p.m.

DIVISION 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Deneen.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.

COMPANY A.

Captain, William J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, ames Th omas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH NO. 35.

President, L. Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Vice President, Emma Lonergan.
Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 206 LaSalle st.

SLAVE RAIDS IN AFRICA.

More Than a Hundred Villages Destroyed In One Campaign.

As we approached the falls we saw that the river banks had been depopulated and the villages were in ashes. We passed dead bodies floating in the river. Canoes were standing on end like hollowed columns; crowds of fugitives were afloat and hiding among the reedy islands. These were all signs of a general terror, but we could get no information of its character. Vague ideas of an invasion from some savage tribe came to our minds, and now and then we had a misgiving that there must be Arab slavers in the neighborhood.

Continuing our ascent, on the third day we came in sight of a huge Arab camp on the right bank, and before long we discovered that the Arabs of Nyangwe (Livingstone's farthest point), having heard the most exaggerated reports of our successful descent of the Kongo in 1877, had hastened after us to reap a harvest of ivory and slaves. They had been too successful. Over 118 villages had been destroyed below Stanley falls alone, a rich plunder of ivory was in their camp, and several hundred slaves, old and young, were herded like goats and heavily fettered in the slave pen. It then appeared that while we had been negotiating with the negro chiefs along the river, making roads, building stations and hauling steamers overland, the Arabs of Nyangwe had been coming down the river, laying the country waste. We had at last met, about 50 miles below the falls. A glance at the scenes of the camp was sufficient to reveal what a future awaited the Kongo valley had we not conceived the project of opening the river to civilizing influences. There was not a moment to lose. We had no authority to open fire on the miscreants. They were subjects of the Prince of Zanzibar, who was a protege of England, and to plunge into hostilities with them might possibly involve us in serious complications. But while we dared not use force we believed that by continuing the same system we had found so successful with the native chiefs we could check the audacity of the slavers by our mere presence among them. After some days spent in cautious and friendly negotiations with the Arabs we were permitted to establish a station at the falls, and after seeing it well advanced we turned the prows of our steamers down river toward Leopoldville.—Henry M. Stanley in Century.

No Kick Coming.

One day when a coupe driven along Broadway at the rate of ten miles an hour had come within a hairbreadth of running me down I followed it up for three or four blocks until it came to a halt beside the curbstone.

"Do you know," I said to the driver, who grinned as he saw me approach, "that you nearly ran me down ten minutes ago?"

"Yes, sir," he promptly replied.

"You had me in between your carriage and a cable car, and it was a close call."

"Yes, it was, sir."

"You didn't even try to pull up your horse," I persisted.

"No, sir."

"Then you didn't care whether you ran me down or not?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that's cool! Are you in the habit of killing people who may be crossing the street as you come along?"

"Not in the habit, no, sir. You see, it was this way. A gent picks me up at the Fifth Avenue and wants to git down to the Star theater in five minutes. I can't git him there in five, but I can in eight if there isn't a block and the wheels stay on, and I does it and gets 50 cents extra."

"But where do I come in?"

"You? Why, you escaped with your life, and there's no kick coming to you. Wait till you are run down and killed and then let the widdy do the kickin."—Detroit Free Press.

Entirely New Watch Offer
FOR "CITIZEN" SUBSCRIBERS.

We have decided to revise our Watch Offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked. The arrangement under which the watches are purchased is entirely in the interest of our subscribers. There is no retailer's profit, middlemen's profit added, and no jobber's profit, no profit added because of the capital invested or because of the risk of bad debts; no profit to cover cost of heavy rentals, of salaries and expenses of traveling men—none of those costly incidentals which always come out of the last purchaser is in it at all. By this arrangement you purchase practically direct from the factory's agent. When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if, at the end of three days, he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. NO WATCHES WILL BE SENT C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select. These offers will not continue long, and on this account subscribers should order promptly.

NO. 100—WALTHAM OR ELGIN WATCH. PRICE $5.75.

No. 100—A man's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant-setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is a solid nickel silver, open face, dust proof case, screw back and bezal; the crystal is made of heavy plate glass so as to withstand any strain. We will send this watch to subscribers by registered mail for.....$5.75

NO. 101—ELGIN OR WALTHAM BARGAIN. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $6.50.

Sometimes it is desirable for all persons to study economy in making purchases in preference to other considerations. In order to accommodate such, we have procured a new style of case, in which are put a high-class Waltham or Elgin movement. By this combination any one may secure a watch equal to the best in running qualities, and as durable as those of the highest price, and as precise and accurate as any piece of human mechanism for the measurement of time. We save our readers money, in the first instance by cheapening the case, and in the second by handling it without reference to profit. The case with which this watch is furnished is made of stiffened silver. In other words, in order to give strength sufficient to make the case durable without making the metal thick and heavy, the silver is strengthened by a nickel plate, introduced in such a manner as to be entirely hidden, and, were it not explained, the purchaser would not be able to tell it from a heavy solid coin-silver case. This watch does not come in hunting-case—open face only, with a heavy beveled plate-glass crystal, strong, durable and beautiful. The dial is marked in either Roman or Arabic characters. In order to prevent the possibility of the hands catching, the dial upon which the second hand is mounted is sunk below the level of the surrounding face. This is emphatically a watch for the times, and costs such a trifle that any one can afford to buy it, simply with a view to carrying it for a few years until the return of general prosperity, when the movement may be changed into a gold case. This watch will be sent, delivery guaranteed, to any address in the United States for.....$6.50

NO. 102—OPEN FACE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $11.50.

This is an Elgin or Waltham movement, open face, with beveled glass crystal, warranted to wear like solid gold for fifteen years; stem wind and stem set, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form. This watch is a great bargain and a perfect timepiece. The case is handsomely engraved. We send this watch, delivery guaranteed, to any of our readers in this country for.$11.50

NO. 103—GOLD HUNTING-CASE ELGIN OR WALTHAM MEN'S SIZE WATCH. PRICE $14.25.

This watch is a very stylish, reliable timepiece, made upon the famous Riverside model, which is thinner than the ordinary style of movement. In other words, a watch made on this model is materially less in thickness than others from front to back when the cases are closed. This form does not arise from any less metal in the case, but from the mechanical style of the movement; its advantage is in being less bulky when carried in the vest pocket. Both the Elgin and Waltham Companies now make this style of movement, which has the stem set and stem wind, seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form. The case is warranted to wear like solid gold for fifteen years, and is nicely engraved. We send this watch to any of our readers, delivery guaranteed, for....$14.25

"APPLETON TRACY & CO." WALTHAM, MEN'S SIZE.

The "Appleton Tracy & Co." movement is one of the celebrated watches of the world. The works are full-jeweled, with 15 extra-fine red ruby jewels in solid gold settings, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting, Breguet hair spring, special adjustment to temperature, isochronism position, and all the very latest improvements. This watch took the first prize at the World's Exposition in Paris against all competitors, both American and foreign. We will deliver this watch to any address in the United States, works as above, in any of the following cases:

104 is a solid 14-kt. U. S. assay, 40 dwt. hunting case, engine turned..$40.00
105 is a 15-year gold-filled hunting case, handsomely engraved.....$22.50
106 is a 15-year gold-filled open face case handsomely engraved.....$20.00
107 is a 2-oz. coin silver open face, or hunting case, engine turned..$17.50
108 is a solid nickel silver open face, dust-proof case.....$13.90

OFFICIAL RAILROAD WATCH.

Many of the railroad companies of the country, in order to avoid accidents that might arise from any discrepancy in time-pieces, have compelled their conductors and engineers to carry a specified watch. This in many cases is what is known as the Crescent Street Movement, made at the Waltham Watch Co Waltham, Mass. This movement come, in various cases more or less expensive, according to material. The movement in all the cases, however, is the same. The movement is stem wind and stem set, 17 ruby jewels in solid gold settings, compensation balance, adjusted to temperature, isochronism and position, patent regulator, patent Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, fine glass enamel double sunk dial, one of the finest full-plate movements in the world.

109 is a 14-kt. solid gold U. S. assay, 40 dwt. hunting case, engine turned.....$50.00
110 is a 14-kt. gold-filled hunting, engine turned case, 20 years....$35.00
111 is a 14-kt. gold-filled, open face, engine turned case, 20 years....$33.00
112 is a solid coin silver, 2 oz., engine turned case.....$28.00
113 is a solid nickel silver, open face, screw case, dust proof.....$25.00

The American Watch Co., at Waltham, has made a reduction in the price of its 15-jewel movements. We take the first opportunity to give our readers the advantage of the new price list, and offer the following described bargains:

No. 114. PRICE $14.00—No. 114 is an open face, 15-jewel in settings, compensation balance, patent Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form; white porcelain dial, stem wind and pendant, set in a gold-filled, engraved or engine turned pattern case; warranted to wear like solid gold for 15 years. We will send this watch to any address, delivery guaranteed, for the sum of only.....$14.00

No. 115. PRICE $9.00—Our second watch under this offer is No. 115, which is a 15-jewel American Waltham watch, either nickel or gilt movement, containing 15 jewels in settings, compensation balance, patent Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form; white porcelain dial, stem wind and pendant set; either Roman or Arabic characters; it is in a solid, nickel silver, open face case, with a heavy French beveled plate glass crystal. We will send this watch to any of our readers, post paid, delivery guaranteed, for only.....$9.00

No. 116. PRICE $17.50—Our third offer is No. 116, which is a 15-jewel American Waltham, stem wind and set, compensation balance, patent Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form; white porcelain dial; either Roman or Arabic characters; hands of blue-tempered steel. This movement comes in a 14-kt. gold filled case, guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear like solid gold for 20 years. We will send this watch, post paid, delivery guaranteed, for....$17.50

GOOD WATCH FOR BOYS. PRICE $3.75.

We have seen other papers offering cheap watches to their subscribers, and often looked them up to see if we too could not offer them to our readers, but in every case we found the watches to be so worthless that we would have nothing to do with them. We had about given up the idea of finding a satisfactory cheap watch. We mentioned our experience in this direction to the representative of a large American watch company, and through his help we are now able to offer a real good watch at a very low price. It is guaranteed to keep accurate time, has seven jewels, expansion balance, cut pinions, porcelain dial, stem wind and set, in solid nickel silver open face case. You see this is not a cheap clock movement put into a tin oval case; it is a watch that you can rely upon; if not satisfactory return it and get your money back. Price delivered.....$3.75

NO. 120. PRICE $22.00—SOLID 14-KT. LADY'S WATCH, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.

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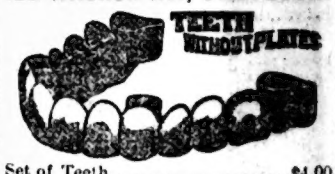

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